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THE CAMBRIAN:

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published in the interests of the Welsh-American People,

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature,
RELIGION, SCIENCE,

AND

General Celtic Intelligence.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS, REMSEN, N. Y.

VOLUME VIII.

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T. J. GRIFFITHS, PRINTER, 131 GENESEE STREET.

1888.

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PREFACE.

TO THE READERS OF THE CAMBRIAN :

As the present number completes another volume of *THE CAMBRIAN*, we desire, in the first place, to express our grateful thanks to our friends and subscribers for the support and patronage so kindly accorded to *THE CAMBRIAN* during the year. Not only has our list of subscribers increased during the year, but we have reason to believe that *THE CAMBRIAN* is being read by a larger number and with greater interest than ever before. This is gratifying to us, and tends to show that our relations during 1888 have been mutually pleasant and profitable.

We have endeavored to furnish our readers with valuable and useful reading matter, tending both to instruct and interest them in the history and movements of our own nationality, and also to promote their social, moral and religious advancement. And we think it is not too much to say that *THE CAMBRIAN* contains articles on various question which will prove of permanent interest, and far exceeding in value the annual subscription price. As a repository of reliable information on matters pertaining to our own nationality in the English language, it supplies a need and occupies a field peculiarly its own, which is not taken up by any other Magazine either in Wales or in this country, so that in years to come it will contain a vast amount of information not easily found elsewhere. For this reason, as well as for others, we would urge our subscribers to carefully preserve and bind *THE CAMBRIAN* in volumes for the convenience of future reference.

In our efforts to improve and enlarge the circulation of *THE CAMBRIAN*, we have been assisted by many of our friends and patrons, whose kindly offices and encouragement we greatly appreciate. And with their continued favor, we shall endeavor to further improve *THE CAMBRIAN* for the next year. Among the special features of *THE CAMBRIAN* for 1889, will be a new serial story of thrilling interest entitled, "Owen Glendower, or Gwalia's Last Struggle;" Portraits and Sketches of Prominent Welshmen; Chapters on Welsh History, Language, &c.; Columns for Young People; and articles on special subjects by prominent writers.

We shall be greatly obliged to our subscribers for their continued favors to *THE CAMBRIAN*, and for their aid in extending its circulation among



By *W. H. ...*
(National ...)

their friends and acquaintances. May we ask each old subscriber to secure at least one new subscriber each for 1889. As special inducements to subscribe for 1889, we would call the attention of our subscribers and others to the premium which is offered for the next two months. The picture "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" is acknowledged to be one of the best sacred pictures of the age.

Heartily wishing the friends and readers of THE CAMBRIAN a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

We remain,

Yours sincerely,

E. C. EVANS.

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Vol. VIII.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

THE

CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE WELSH-AMERICAN PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

REV. E. C. EVANS,

REMSEN, N. Y.

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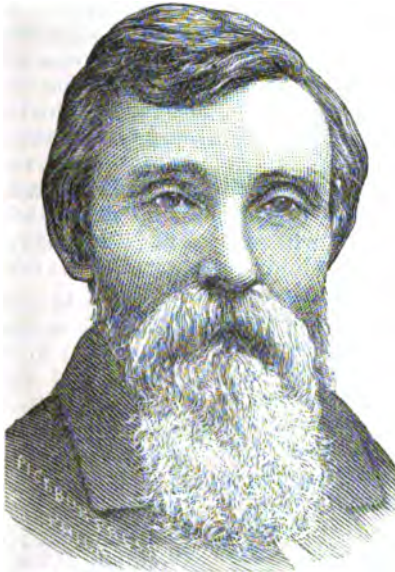
Now, go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come for ever and ever.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

Biographical Sketches.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM B. JONES (AP P. A. MON.)

The above is a portrait of the late well known writer, Mr. W. B. Jones (Ap P. A. Mon.) whose death occurred at his home in Mount Vernon N. Y., August 22nd, 1887. Mr. Jones was born Sept. 26th, 1815 in Holyhead, Anglesea. His parents were widely known and highly respected. His father, Mr. Benjamin Jones, better known by his literary name of P. A. Mon, attained in his day a national reputation as a writer of great literary merit. His mother's maiden

name was Mary Parry of the King's Head, Anglesea. The parents contrived to give their son a good early education and training, which afterwards he greatly improved by personal study and by reading. When 15 years of age he removed to Liverpool where he was apprenticed as a dry goods clerk. While at Liverpool he united with the Baptist church on Great-Cross-Hall St., and was baptized by Rev. Daniel Jones, formerly of Felinfoel, but then pastor of the



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church at Liverpool. In Liverpool he, with some of his fellow clerks, took an active part in the movement for the earlier closing of places of business, and their efforts were finally crowned with success. On his departure for America in 1848 a banquet was given in his honor as a mark of appreciation of his services and as a token of the esteem in which he was held by his countrymen. After his arrival in this country Mr. Jones again, by his pen and by his personal influence, contributed much to secure a similar result in New York and Brooklyn. He was for a time President of the society, and may be said to have been the father of the early closing movement in America.

Mr. Jones was happily married to Miss Owen, the daughter of Mr. William Owen, of Brooklyn, who still survives him. They had six children, of whom four are still living. One, Mr. William B. Jones, holds an honorable position in the Century Co. office N. Y.; and one daughter is happily married to Mr. A. B. Aller, Mount Vernon, N. Y. Mr. W. B. Jones was highly respected by all who knew him for his qualities as a gentleman, for his Christian life, and especially for his unselfish patriotism. He heartily loved his nation, his native language and literature, sacrificed much of his time and money to promote their welfare through the Eisteddfod, and by encouraging and facilitating emigration

from Wales and from the east to the west, as well as in aiding every national movement. But it is for his literary labors that he will be chiefly appreciated and remembered for years to come. In various ways he took a prominent and active part in establishing and fostering Welsh American Literature, both in the Welsh and English languages. All our Welsh-American periodicals owe him a debt of gratitude for his support and encouragement. And THE CAMBRIAN especially acknowledges its obligation to him as one of its strongest supporters from the beginning. His literary productions, which are numerous, varied, and extend over a period of fifty years, reveal a man of genius and culture, and display a high order of mental and literary abilities, and will be for many ages to come a memorial of his life and character.

Mr. Jones had been gradually failing for some time, and notwithstanding medical aid and the loving care of wife and family, the end came quietly and peacefully Monday afternoon, August 22nd. The funeral services were held on the following Thursday, Aug. 25th, and with the greatest respect and grief his remains were temporarily laid in the vault at Woodlawn Cemetery, and afterward, on September 24th, laid in their final resting place in Woodlawn Cemetery New York.

DEATH OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSHUA T. OWEN.

BY MR. DAVID JONES, PHILADELPHIA.

Few men called away from this life will be so long and so kindly remembered by so many people, as the late Brigadier-General Joshua T. Owen, who was a gallant soldier in the late rebellion. He departed this life on Monday, Nov. 7th, 1887, at his residence

at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, after suffering severely for three weeks from typhoid fever. He was a thorough Welshman, born in 1821, at Banc-y-Felin, Carmarthenshire. He was a descendant of the princely line of Owen Glyndwr, the family having

been living for centuries at Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire. The Rev. John Hughes, Liverpool, in his History of Welsh Methodism, (Vol. 2., p 349,) speaks of John Owen, grandfather of the General, as one of the first to assist in establishing the Welsh Calvinistic Church at Machynlleth. He was a man of learning and of superior intelligence, and the author of several books in the Welsh language. The said John Owen moved from Machynlleth to Carmarthenshire. The date of his removal nor the number of children he had are not known. But one of the children named David settled by marriage there, and built a Woolen Factory at Banc-y-Felin, and had a family of ten children, eight sons and two daughters, bearing the following names: Roger, John, Caleb, David, Griffith, Absalom, Elizabeth, Owen, Ann and Joshua who was the youngest. Caleb and Absalom died in their infancy. In the year 1835, the parents and five of the sons left Wales for America, and arrived in Baltimore, where they founded the house of Owen & Co., booksellers and publishers, in which firm Joshua was taught the art of printing.

In 1840 he entered Jefferson College, and under the presidency of Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, he graduated in 1845, in a class of fifty-two students. In 1847 his parents removed to Philadelphia. In 1852 he was admitted to the Bar and commenced to practise law; and in the same year he founded the Chestnut Hill Academy, to prepare students for college.

Rev. Roger Owen, D. D., eldest brother of Gen. Owen, has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Chestnut Hill for forty years. For some time, by reason of his advanced years, he has not been able to preach the gospel, but in recognition of his long and faithful service, the church

has conferred on him the honor of being their Pastor Emeritus, and has kindly provided for his comfort in his declining years.

The Rev. Griffith Owen, another brother, while at Philadelphia, was instrumental in organizing and building three Presbyterian Churches, the last having been built in 1849, on Third and Redwood Sts. In 1858 he removed to Baltimore, as Secretary of the Board of Home and Foreign Missions. While there he occasionally preached to the Welsh at Canton, Baltimore. He died in Baltimore about twelve years ago. Rev. John Owen was an Episcopal clergyman, and lived and labored on the eastern coast of Maryland, where he died some years ago. Owen Owen or Owen *Ilwywaith*, as he was called, died at Chicago about eight years ago. Probably some of the Welsh people in that city remember him. Last of all we record the death of the gallant soldier Gen. Owen.

When President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for volunteers, after the firing on Fort Sumpter, Gen. Owen enlisted as a private, and shortly after he was elected Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Subsequently he organized and took command of the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment, which took part in all the battles fought by the Army of the Potomac, from Fair Oaks to Cold Harbor. He was mentioned in all the reports of the Generals under whom he served, for gallant and meritorious conduct, and was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship.

When the Pennsylvania Sixty-ninth was given the name of Paddy Owen's Regulars, it was not in derision but as a tribute of respect for its steadiness under fire. The men themselves were proud of the title, as well they might be, for no regulars excelled

them as a fighting force. The Sixty-ninth was mostly composed of Irishmen, with a few Welsh among them. Whether the General told them that he was born in Ireland or not is a mystery. But they believed that such was the fact. He had such influence over them that they would have willingly sacrificed their lives for his sake. Gen. Owen was complimented by General Hooker, on the field, at the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, for having made the first successful bayonet charge of the war. He was promoted to be Brigadier-General, Nov. 23, 1862. On May 8th, 1863, Gen. Owen was placed in command of the Brigade in consequence of the illness of General Webb. At the battle of Glendale, Gen. Owen led his men with almost reckless daring. Of his conduct on this occasion General Hooker in his report spoke very highly.

The General was distinguished by a genial courtesy which impressed itself on all who met him. And the impression first received remained and grew with further acquaintance. It was felt that his geniality was genuine, that his courtesy was not merely a flourish of manner, but proceeded from native kindness of heart. His sympathies were instinctively on the side of right. He was fortified by good sound principles, and was a man to make his way in the world, so as to command the respect and confidence of his fellows, which he always did. A thorough business man as he proved himself by the founding and managing a successful law periodical, he could see through a new enterprise or movement in all its details. An accomplished advocate, he knew how to present to others a clear view of the merits of a case, and to support his views with strong argument. Hence in any public project, involving the action and interest of his fellow-

citizens, Gen. Owen was sure to be called to the front, and once there, to maintain his position by force of character and honesty of purpose. To these solid and genial endowments of his nature, as well as to his singleness of aim and firmness of purpose, must be attributed his early and late elections as a representative by his fellow-citizens, as well as his success at the bar, his gallantry and popularity on the field, his high social standing and the honorable name which he has left to his family.

After the surrender of General Lee, he took to his legal profession, and in 1866 was elected Recorder of Deeds on the Republican ticket. His last public position was his service in Councils in 1886. In 1871 he founded the *New York Daily Register*, a legal publication, which was in 1873 made the official organ of the New York Courts. He continued to edit that journal up to his last illness. He married Miss Annie J. Sheridan, a daughter of Mr. Sheridan, of Chestnut Hill, who still survives him. He is survived also by three daughters, and a son who manages the journal in New York.

Gen. Owen was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a member of the Welsh St. David Society, in Philadelphia, since 1859. He was buried at Chestnut Hill, with military honors. The following resolutions were adopted by the Welsh Society after his death.

DAVID JONES.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 5, 1887.

To the Officers and Members of the Welsh Society.

GENTLEMEN:

We, your Committee appointed to prepare for record a suitable notice of the death of our late fellow-member, Brigadier-General Joshua T. Owen, respectfully report the follow-

ing (based upon information collected by our worthy fellow member Mr. David Jones, of 318 Carpenter St.,) and recommend its adoption.

HORATIO GATES JONES,	} Com.
DAVID T. DAVIES,	
THOS. R. DAVIS.	

Gen. Joshua Thomas Owen was born at Banc-y-Felin, in Carmarthenshire, South Wales, in the year 1821, and died at Philadelphia, November 7th. 1887.

His parents emigrated to this country when he was a child and settled in Baltimore; he was, therefore, educated here. Gifted with a bright intellect and a sound judgment, which, added to a careful moral training, enabled him soon to attain success in business, and earn the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was a devoted patriot and prominently distinguished himself in the defense of our imperiled institutions. For this

he was justly rewarded with advancement from the modest position of a private soldier to that of Brigadier-General in the Volunteer Army; after the restoration of peace he was further honored by being elected to represent his fellow-citizens in our city Council, rendering in that position, as well as in many others of trust, faithful, efficient and honorable services.

In the loss of such a man, we, in common with the many who knew him, may well lament his death and esteem it a privilege, though a very sad one, to record our respect for his unsullied character, our admiration for his brilliant military career, and esteem for his social virtues and private worth. We can but extend to his bereaved family our respectful sympathy, and commend them to that merciful Providence who alone can heal hearts so sorely afflicted.

Historical Sketches.

THE LIBRARIAN'S DAUGHTER;

A SHORT STORY OF A WOMAN'S POWER TO SAVE.

CHAPTER I.

If the Library of St. Genevieve is neither the finest nor the richest of the public bibliographical treasures of Paris, it is without doubt the most frequented. From the first days of November there is a regularly recurring rush of youthful readers from the different classes into the immense hall of the Library. This reading public is renewed every year, in great part at least, through the natural succession of students beginning or ending their course.

Among the assistants at the Library in the year 185— was an old man

named Guiraudet, to whom the other employes showed a marked degree of respect and attachment. The habitues of the Library themselves treated the old man with respectful deference. A long surtout of greenish hue, closely buttoned, and reaching nearly to the foot of his all too short black pantaloons, and his shoes, too large for the old man, shuffling along the floor with a noise that was not a little annoying at times, there was nothing at first sight in the appearance of M. Guiraudet to stamp him as a person of distinctiveness of character or of superior intelligence. M. Guiraudet wore

an enormous pair of round spectacles, the branch supports of which disappeared beneath an old velvet cap, formerly black, but now brown with age. But from this ensemble, so unattractive at first of itself, there emanated an expression of ineffable goodness, resignation, sweetness, and devotedness. M. Guiraudet's goodness was of a kind that was at once natural and acquired, a blending of heart and mind which illumined the face with a ray of divine tenderness. He was full of patience with and indulgence towards every one, small and great, firm only with the strong, gentle with the weak. The employe loved his young public. A man of deep information, under his modest appearance, he was delighted to have it in his power to help the young and studious, to put at their disposal the treasures of his knowledge and memory. He knew the habitudes of the establishment, some by their names, all by their habits. He exchanged with all a familiar and kindly smile; he was beloved, as he himself was loving.

One day, towards the beginning of the students' year, there came into the Library hall a young man whom he did not know, but whose figure attracted his attention from the first. This young man, to the careful observer, did not appear more than twenty-five, but he looked older. Premature wrinkles ran down his livid temples to his ringed and troubled eyes; his neglected hair, his uncared-for beard, lent somewhat of a haggard look to his face; a mournful sigh seemed to be arrested at the corner of his emaciated lips, of which the lines had become distorted. The whole look of the young student, indeed, suggested the idea of a wounded bird of prey.

The young man being come to M.

Guiraudet's desk, demanded curtly one of the works of Crebillon fils.

M. Guiraudet, raising his head, looked at his interlocutor for an instant, and simply replied, "We do not give out that class of books, Monsieur. I would add that it would be very wrong to do so."

"Very wrong? are you a judge of these things?"

And the young man surveyed the old librarian with a look of disdain.

M. Guiraudet felt the look and the silent insolence, but he did not show displeasure; he indeed smiled lightly; then pointing to an empty seat near to him, he said to his opponent, "Seat yourself there, my child."

The young man obeyed, in astonishment.

"Well, my dear child," continued the old man, and there was in his accent, in the tone of his voice, something dignified and solemn, as if it had been a priest who was speaking, "well, my dear child, what are you called?"

"Paul Gerard."

"Born at?"

"Couesme."

"Indre-et-Loire, I know?"

"Exactly."

"And what are you doing in Paris?"

"My faith, nothing; I am doing a law term."

"Ah, so, and Crebillon fils' is in the syllabus this year?" said M. Guiraudet with soft malice.

The young man blushed, and with a low voice said, "Are you here to—"

"My good child," interrupted the good man, "you do not know me?"

"No."

"Well," continued the old man, crossing his arms on his breast, "ask your fellow-students, and all will tell you I am their friend—the friend of all. I wish to be yours, because I see that you suffer, and that you are not wicked, although you may be soured

and bitter. If you care we shall talk further after closing time. I think I can be useful to you. Would you like it?"

"Yes, Monsieur," Paul Gerard answered with subdued voice, "and I ask your pardon."

"Now," said M. Guiraudet, "as I am still obstinate, I shall not give you the work you want, but here is one I would recommend. It is a very rare and very fine quarto, with broad margins, 'Elementa Juris Civilis, 1529.' A rare edition, young man, with rubrics, and curious wood engravings containing the first letter of each chapter. But more than all, learned manuscript notes in the margin. A real treasure, young man."

Paul Gerard, whose face brightened up during the dissertation of M. Guiraudet, took away the volume and set it on the table, not far from the librarian, whose kindly regards were stealthily directed to him from time to time.

When the hour of closing had arrived, M. Guiraudet took the young man's arm without any explanation, and they went out together. The air was pleasant, the sun brilliant, the breeze sportive. Something therefore of a joyous character spread itself from the high walls of the Pantheon to the trees of the neighboring Luxembourg. The two directed their steps towards the garden, which was rejoicing in the merry shouts of children and the warbling of the birds.

"And now," said M. Guiraudet, "tell me your history."

Held captive, and vanquished by this mark of trustful confidence and interest in him, Paul Gerard began thus:—

"I am the third son of a humble farmer, whose efforts, united to those of my two brothers, were applied with difficulty to preserve the little property which has been in our family

for generations. They wished to make me a farmer also, but I was delicate looking from my childhood, and they thought they saw in me some signs of superior intelligence, and wished me to receive a more complete education. It was decided that I should be either a physician, professor, or advocate. This ambition on the part of my parents chagrined me very much. I had already finished the first year of my law studies, and came to pass the vacation at my father's house in our village. They looked upon me as a little genius, and from so often hearing it said I came to believe it."

"You are not the first who has readily believed that of himself," said M. Guiraudet.

"Near to my father's farm, between the river and a wood of young oaks, stood a very nice house, in which the proprietors of it had long resided in the summer season. It belongs to M. Huard, a notary of Vendome. The year I refer to, M. Huard, having sold his practice, settled in the country for good with his wife and daughter."

"Aha, his daughter!"

"Alas, yes. Neighborly relations were soon established between their family and ours. They crowded attention and politeness on us, myself in particular. Mademoiselle Laurence Huard especially showed an effusive interest in me. I pass over details, which would take too long time to tell. The truth is that an intimacy so marked grew between us that I came to believe I was beloved of Mademoiselle Laurence, and that the attachment had her father's approval. I hazarded a formal demand for his daughter's hand. My deception was as deep as my infatuation was great. I was repulsed with disdainful pity. I was given to understand that the son of a farmer without fortune, without position, was not fit to marry the

daughter of an ex-notary royal. Only, they deigned to add, with condescending irony, when I might become an advocate of celebrity, or a procureur-general, they would consider it."

"But really, my dear child, a notary, a notary; that is something; you were too ambitious."

"Is it a crime?"

"No, but it is a misfortune."

"I believed at first that it was a power. Yes, I resolved to prove to this haughty family that talent, also, was a fortune. I determined in myself to turn into applause the bitter railery of which I was the object. I only begged M. Huard to give me time to win his daughter's hand."

"Ah, young man, you were too proud, but when one is amorous—"

"I went off to Paris, believing that there only would I find the means of speedily realizing my hopes of fortune and of distinction. My confidence did not last long. I soon perceived that in Paris every road to success is crowded, every passage is guarded, every door is closed."

"Good; experience came early to you."

"Too early, for the disillusion was fatal to me. I was quickly discouraged."

"Which proves that you were not really very much in love. Go on."

"Discouraged, I soon fell into idle habits, into a life at once agitated and gloomy. I formed twenty projects

without completing any. I became dull, unhappy, taciturn, wicked; my health began to change; my youth disappeared. One day, in glancing into the mirror, I hardly recognized my own face. I found myself hideous. Am I not indeed hideous, Monsieur?"

"Eh, eh; you are still better looking than I!"

Paul Gerard could not help smiling.

"Look you, my dear Monsieur Paul," replied M. Guiraudet, "you are simply a young man who asperses himself. For me, I shall keep near to you, and hold your hand. It is duty. I shall not inflict long sermons, because this is useless and wearying. I shall say only this. There is only one remedy for every sorrow. Next to religion, it is work; simple, honest work, quiet and regular. I advise you to continue your studies, without thinking of the result. The good God will do the rest. Now come and see me. I live near here, Rue Sainte Hyacinthe, No. 7. I shall help you to work. My name is Athanase Guiraudet."

"With joy, Monsieur, for you have gained my heart."

"So much the better; so much the better. And, indeed, why not come to visit at once our household, for here we are before my door? Let us go in."

And they entered the house.

SHORT SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS AND EPOCHS IN WELSH HISTORY.

A nation's history should be specially instructive and intensely interesting to its own people. The most experienced, most practical and most successful people, as a rule, are those who study the history of their own forefathers. Many of them devoted

their lives to the welfare of their own country, their people, and to their language, and left for posterity an honorable record which should inspire us to cherish their memories, and to emulate their virtues. Others, who led ignoble lives, may serve for

us as beacons of warning on the way of life. We do not propose to write a history of the Welsh, only to give short sketches of some of the principal characters and periods in the story of our national life, such as Caradoc, Boadicea, Arthur, &c. This first article is simply introductory.

CHAPTER I.

Our forefathers came to Britain and occupied the country hundreds of years before the Christian era. They migrated from the east, settling in various parts on their way, and finally some of them crossing over to Britain settled in the country.

We have no authentic history of them in this remote period, and know very little beyond the fact that the Phoenicians, with their ships, were in the habit of sailing to the British Isles to trade with the people in slaves, tin and other commodities.

The Brythons, at that time, were made up of separate tribes, which were led and ruled by their chiefs. This was their condition when the Romans, led by Julius Cæsar, first arrived in the country.

Cæsar was not only a great Roman General, but also he wrote the history of the wars which he carried on, and of the countries which he conquered, and his writings are the principal source of information concerning the condition and customs of the ancient Britons.

Those tribes which dwelt near the sea coasts were more highly civilized than those living in the interior and in the north. The southern tribes had acquired the arts concerned in the cultivation of the soil. Those in the north and in the interior lived chiefly on herbs, fish, and the flesh of animals slain by hunting. In summer their clothing was very scanty, but in winter they clothed themselves with the skins of animals.

These tribes were fond of war, even with each other. Those persons who were taken captive in war became the slaves of their conquerors, or were slain. They lived in huts made of branches or twigs interwoven with each other and covered with earth or mud. They were circular in form and not rectangular as in the present day. Several of these huts together form a *tref*, or town. These towns were built, generally, in the midst of a forest, and were often surrounded by a large and deep ditch for protection from their enemies and from wild beasts.

The Druids were the priests, teachers, doctors and judges of the ancient Britons. The common people regarded them with great reverence. They were free from military duties on the battlefield, and were exempted from tribute in support of the chiefs—a burden borne by all the other members of the tribe. Many of the young men resorted to them for instruction in the mystery of their religion and to be trained to act as Druids. These mysteries were never written, although the Druids were versed in the art of writing, and were accustomed to write, in Greek letters, all necessary records concerning the persons and affairs of their country. These students were required to commit to memory all their religious mysteries; so that many of them spent twenty years as students before they were sufficiently advanced to be ordained Druids. The highest position of honor among them was that of Chief Druid. Four great festivals were held annually.

The Druids and Chief Druid allowed their beards to grow long, but had their hair cut short. They dressed in loose, trailing robes of white. They devoted much of their time to studying the motions of the stars, and in discovering the medicinal virtues of various herbs. When the Chief Druid

died, his successor was chosen by the surviving Druids from among the most worthy of them. The Mistletoe was regarded as sacred, and especial-

ly so when it grew on the oak tree, instead of on the apple tree, its usual place.

ALLTUD GWENT.

LLEWELYN; THE LAST PRINCE OF WALES.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE,

BY BERIAH GWYNFE EVANS.

The following is a brief summary of the leading events and episodes in the interesting serial story of Llewelyn. We are sorry to abridge it, but we find it necessary, partly for the sake of our new subscribers and partly with a view of drawing it to an early conclusion.

On the bank of the Ithon, in Radnorshire, near the present village of Llandrindod, stood the castle of Cefn Llys. One autumn evening in the year 1262, a solitary horseman on a jaded steed appeared approaching the banks of the river opposite the castle. Some children strolling near attracted his attention. Two of them were boys, Gruffydd ap Gwenwynwyn and Meredydd ap Ednyfed. The girl was called Gwen, the daughter of Rhydderch, of Lluest, a farm near. Gwen accepting the companionship of Gruffydd to take her home, Meredydd was left at liberty, and became the guide to the horseman towards the lad's home. On the way a troop of horsemen is perceived approaching the ford near which Gwen and her companion have to pass. Meredydd, knowing the cruelty of the Normans, runs to warn his childish companions, and the horseman is left to find his way himself. The troop seen consisted of Edward, subsequently Edward I., of Sir Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, his daughter Eleanor, a Norman knight, Sir Geoffrey de Langley, and their followers. Approaching the ford they find Hywel, the servant of

Rhydderch, with his dog Crafanc, and because the dog is found gnawing the dry hoof of a stag, the dog and his master are each deprived of an eye and an ear. Gwen, who arrives at this moment, is taken with them, and Meredydd, who also appears on the scene, is made a prisoner likewise. But he manages to make his escape, and returns home, where he finds the horseman, who has discovered himself as Llewelyn, Prince of Wales. There are also present Ednyfed, Meredydd's father, Tewdwr, his brother, Rhydderch, Gwen's father, Eion, her brother, and Hywel, the servant, with his dog Crafanc. Llewelyn, led by Meredydd, visits Simon de Montfort, whose tent has been pitched outside the castle walls. A treaty is made between them against Edward and Henry III., and the next morning Llewelyn and Eleanor are privately betrothed at Abbey Cwm Hir. A night or two afterwards the castle of Cefn Llys is attacked by Llewelyn, and falls into his hands. Later on, Simon de Montfort having been slain in battle, his widow and daughter retire to France. Here, some years afterwards, they are visited by Llewelyn and Meredydd in disguise, and some romantic adventures occur, in which Llewelyn and Eleanor, and Gwen are mixed up. An embassy is sent to France on Llewelyn's return to Wales to bring Eleanor over to be united in marriage with the Prince. In this embassy Gruffydd ap Gwen-

wynwyn takes a leading part, and he arranges with Geoffrey de Langley to attack and seize Eleanor during her voyage to Wales, and bear her captive to the English court. This is accordingly done, Gruffydd still figuring in the opinion of Eleanor and Gwen as their best friend. He returns to Wales, and conspires with Dafydd, Llewelyn's brother, and other chieftains, to seize Llewelyn, or to kill him. Meanwhile, Eleanor de Montfort, at the English Court, discovers Gruffydd's previous perfidy, and sends Gwen to Wales to put Llewelyn on his guard. Gwen and Gruffydd meet, and he proposes for her hand, but is refused, and she shews him she is aware of his treachery. He endeavors to abduct her, but is prevented by Meredydd, who appears on the scene and releases her. Gruffydd is permitted to escape, while Meredydd makes love to Gwen, and is accepted. The next morning Llewelyn receives a letter from Ap Gwenwynwyn, offering to place in his hands documents proving what chieftains had taken part in the conspiracy. He offers to do this on two conditions, viz., that some confidential agent of Llewelyn's should be sent to Castell Tre'r Llyn (Welshpool) for the documents, and that he, Gruffydd ap Gwenwynwyn, should be provided with a safe conduct which would enable him to reach the English borders. Llewelyn consents. Meredydd is chosen as the Prince's messenger, and arrives at ap Gwenwynwyn's stronghold, where he is somewhat effusively welcomed by that chieftain, who, however, soon treacherously seizes him, and casts him into a dungeon. In the meanwhile Gwen, having been made aware of the business on which her lover has been sent, appeals to the prince to save Meredydd from Ap Gwenwynwyn's treachery. Llewelyn, who has hitherto been ignorant of what had

taken place between Meredydd and Gruffydd before the latter's flight, at once sees the necessity of taking immediate action. He therefore sends a courier, Rhys Gyflym, in pursuit of Meredydd, to recall him. Rhys, however, arrives too late, as Meredydd has already reached Castell Tre'r Llyn. Immediately following Rhys, Einon ap Rhydderch, Gwen's brother, follows at the head of a strong force, to invest Welshpool Castle in case Meredydd is still a prisoner. During his confinement Meredydd is waited upon by a man named Deio, a native of Glyn Ithon, Meredydd's old home. With the help of this man he contrives a plan of escape, but before it can be put in operation a courier arrives bearing Gruffydd ap Gwenwyn's orders to have Meredydd at once put to death.

Gwenwynwyn then prepares to escape to England, but is caught and made prisoner by Rhys Gyflym and Rhys ap Tewdwr, who bring him to the camp at Welshpool. Einon ap Rhydderch, the officer in charge, orders that a gallows be erected before the castle gate and high above the castle walls for the immediate execution of Gwenwynwyn as a felon and a traitor. A respite is allowed, however, on condition that Meredydd be rescued alive from the dungeon in the castle. Under a flag of truce, Gwen disguised as a youthful page, enters the castle, with the ring and orders of Gwenwynwyn to the Governor to release Meredith, if alive, from his dungeon.

While these things were going on outside the castle walls, the Governor and Allan the courier, with a force of men, having come to the door of the dungeon were long trying to loosen the bolts and bars and unlock the door. But the wrong key is tried, the lock is broken—all causing delay. Finally a battering ram is applied and

the door burst open. Meredydd with drawn sword warns them of their fate if they enter. But Allan rushes in and is slain, the others hesitate. The counsels of Deio and his friends prevail, who release and escort Meredydd to the castle yard, where they meet the Governor and the youthful page who exclaims "Thou art safe and free," and swoons in the arms of Meredydd.

While these events were transpiring before the walls of Welshpool castle, Edward the First, King of England, took advantage of the complicated condition of Welsh affairs, to push forward his campaign in Wales. Coming in person with a large force by way of Chester, he opens negotiations with Llewelyn and offers terms of peace. Fealty to him as king, the payment of a nominal indemnity and a free pardon to all prisoners of war were the conditions demanded by Edward, who in return offered to acknowledge Llewelyn as Lord of Snowdon and Prince of North Wales, and to release the captive bride, and favor her marriage with Llewelyn. Llewelyn now embarrassed by the near approach of the English forces, by the treachery of his chieftains, by the scattered condition of his own forces and by anxiety for his beloved Eleanor, finally yielded and signed the deed which marked the ebb of Welsh independence.

CHAPTER XLI.—ALL HOPE GONE.

The scene is changed. Wales has been left far behind. Llewelyn, with his leading chieftains, has gone up to London to do the formal homage agreed to in the terms of peace to which he had consented when he placed bride before country.

Before this, however, he had sent Gwen, under a strong escort, to London to be once more with her mistress,

so soon to be her princess. Gwen's arrival with the information that Llewelyn was shortly to follow did more for the recovery of the Lady Eleanor than all the physic of the skilful leeches Edward had ordered to attend upon her.

Gruffudd ap Gwenwynwyn, too, had been released, chiefly by Gwen's intercession with her brother. The joy and satisfaction of all at having Meredydd once more free and safe was so great that little opposition was offered when Gwen entered her plea for mercy for the traitor. Einon felt, too, that he was in a manner bound in honor to release the man who had done Meredydd such great wrong, as that wrong had now been righted. Thus it happened that Gruffydd found himself again at the English court, but little the worse for the rough handling he had undergone in the Welsh camp.

Gwen was herself unaware of his presence, and, passing along a lonely walk in the palace gardens one day, suddenly and unexpectedly found herself face to face with the man who had tried to do her and those she loved the greatest wrong.

She would have passed him, but with a malicious smile he stopped her, saying:—

"Not so fast, fair maiden. It is such a long time since I had last the pleasure of speaking to thee that I would now fain ask thee to spare me an hour's quiet chat."

"There can be no pleasure to thee nor to me in any talk with each other," said the maiden, though greatly alarmed, "so I pray thee let me pass," and she made as though she would pass him by.

"Nay, by my soul thou shalt not!" cried he. "Think not that thou hast here, as thou hadst in Wales, thy lover at thy call to aid thee; though in good sooth I wish he were but here that I

might teach him, too, the lesson he so sadly needs. If thou comest not with me of thine own free will, I know the way to make thee come of mine own choice!"

So saying, he made a grasp at her dress.

With a loud scream, however, she eluded him, and, darting with the speed of the startled fawn past him, she rushed towards the palace, which loomed between the trees in front of her.

With a muttered imprecation Gruffydd ap Gwenwynwyn followed, and,

though her flight was rapid, the sound of pursuing footsteps soon told her that she had no chance in the race against him. Indeed, in a very short time, and while almost with her hand upon the door to one of the entrances to the palace, he overtook her, and, placing his hand on her shoulder, he roughly shook her.

Poor Gwen felt that she had now indeed no hope. Her capture had been made without an eye perceiving them, and too well she knew that, once within his own rooms, her fate was sealed for ever.

CHORAL MUSIC OF THE SANCTUARY.

BY DR. JOSEPH PARRY, FORMERLY OF AMERICA, NOW PRINCIPAL OF THE MUSICAL COLLEGE OF WALES, SWANSEA.

Choral singing in our Sunday worship is one of vital importance (1) in contributing devotional and artistic variety to our services; (2) utilising the national choral resources in our public worship, and (3) by so doing, creating a demand for choral and congregational anthems and chants. This demand would as a sequence, bring forth a varied supply of Welsh anthems from all Welsh composers, a form and style so congenial to the Welsh mind. The result would be the formation of a national school of purely Welsh anthems, for the demand always regulates and moulds the supply, both in quality and quantity. The demand comes from the ranks of our choirs, and the supply from the smaller and higher circle of our composers. There is undoubtedly in our country a powerful choral stream, and my earnest desire in these letters is to contribute a little towards the guiding and regulating of this fine force, so that more varied, practical, as well as higher results may be attained. It is to me a source

of regret to see the waste of all the rich choral materials of our country. Competition absorbs and monopolises all to the great neglect of the music of the concert-room, which has a powerful influence as a higher, moral, and intellectual form of entertainment. There is a great demand for concert-room entertainments of a legitimate nature as distinguished from other entertainments of a lower order, many of which are decidedly demoralising. But I regret the more deeply the neglect by our choirs in the choir galleries on Sunday. Their zeal, enthusiasm, and fidelity there on Sunday are very different from what they are in their singing schools when preparing for some eisteddfod choral fight. I heartily join those who proclaim their protest against the highly improper use of homes and places of worship for eisteddfodic money rehearsals. I, as a child of the eisteddfod, would be the very last to dissuade choirs from devoting any of their spare nights in preparing for choral contests. What I wish to ad-

vocate is their equal duty as organised choirs on Sundays, when they should rehearse appropriate, simple, devout, and congregational anthems—one to be sung every Sunday of the year.

The sanctuary of all places should receive our golden efforts. Our temples should be the home of all art, and all that is pure, intellectual, and ennobling. As nonconformists the musical part of our worship (the only portion in which the whole congregation can participate orally) is sadly in need of greater scope, variety, and contrast. There is no reason why we should limit ourselves to the choral form only, to the exclusion of all the many other forms in sacred music. How devotional and artistic would it be if we had in each service an anthem by the church choir! And it would be a step forward if an occasional solo from one of the many oratorios were rendered by one of our many local soloists. This is being done weekly in other places of worship, and why neglected in our country when many of our chapels contain a good soprano, contralto, or bass. How heavenly if the choir sometimes gave an oratorio, duet, trio, or quartette! That would bring back to the sanctuary its own rights and property, and our singers would very soon feel a holy pleasure in such work. Moreover, it would be devoid of the sting and the rankling demon of jealousy, suspicion, and abuse, which are often to the enthusiastic, ignorant, and the weak-minded, an inevitable consequence of the competitive system. Religion would have nothing to fear from the suggested change. Sacred music has ever been a most faithful handmaid of Christianity, and I, as a Welsh musician, would like to see our best leaders (and organists) as qualified and as much respected as organists are in

England and other countries. Sacred music and musical art need and must have men who devote their whole time to it. The goddess communicates and entrusts her powers and influences in proportion to the artistic and intellectual capacity of her followers. Hence the varied influences and position of her disciples. I am truly in sympathy with those who have the gift divine, but who, owing to their daily avocation can never attain to anything above mediocrity. How many are spotted here and there to whom a dangerous little learning has been a detriment, unfitting them for their daily calling, which, after all, is their source of livelihood. May the happy time come when the great cause of Welsh music of the sanctuary will advance to such a stage that its ablest leader and organist at each centre will be able to devote his whole life and labors to it and to the music of his native country. I would raise him in social position and artistic usefulness infinitely above that of the Eisteddfod prize conductor. I fully endorse the customs of all other nations that the sole charge of the music of the sanctuary should be under the training and in the responsibility of one competent musician.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOUND.

The following charming and harmonious verses were written nineteen years ago, by Shirley Brooks, and published in the *Illustrated London News*. They are entitled "The Philosopher and His Daughter:"

A sound came looming through the air;
 "What is that sound?" quote I.
 My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
 Made answer presently,
 "Papa, you know it very well,
 That sound, it was St. Pancras bell."

"My own Louise, put down the cat,
 And come and stand by me;
 I'm sad to hear you talk like that:
 Where's your philosophy?
 That sound—attend to what I tell—
 That sound was not St. Pancras bell.

Sound is the name the sage selects
 For the concluding term
 Of a long series of effects,
 Of which that blow's the germ.
 The following brief analysis
 Shows the interpolations, miss.

"The blow which when the clapper slips,
 Falls on your friend, the bell,
 Changes its circle to ellipse
 (A word you'd better spell),
 And then comes elasticity,
 Restoring what it used to be.

"Nay, making it a little more,
 The circle shifts about,
 As much as it shrunk in before,
 The bell, you see, swells out.
 And so a new ellipse is made,
 (You're not attending, I'm afraid.)

This change of form disturbs the air,
 Which in its turn behaves
 In like elastic fashion there,
 Creasting waves on waves,
 Which press each other onward, dear,
 Until the utmost finds your ear.

"Within that ear the surgeons find
 A tympanum or drum,
 Which has a little bone behind—
 Mallens it is called by some.
 Those not proud of Latin Grammar
 Humbly translate it as the hammer.

"The waves' vibrations this transmits
 On to this the incus bone
 (Incus means anvil, which it hits),
 And this transfers the tone
 To the small *os orbiculare*,
 The tiniest bone that people carry.

"The stapes next—the name recalls
 A stirrup's form—my daughter,
 Joins three half-circular canals,
 Each filled with limpid water.
 Their curious lining, you'll observe,
 Made of the auditory nerve.

"This vibrates next, and then we find
 The mystic work is crowned,
 For then my daughters' gentle mind
 First recognizes sound.
 See what a host of causes swell
 To make up what you call the 'bell.'"

Awhile she paused, my sweet Louise,
 And pondered on the case;
 Then, seeing that he meant to tease,
 She slapped her father's face.
 "You bad old man, to set and tell,
 Such gibbererygosh about a bell!"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A woman's rights: what do those words convey?

What depths of old-world wisdom do they reach!

What is their real intent? Oh, sister, say;
 And strive in daily life their truth to teach.

The right to minister to those that need;
 With quiet song the weary to beguile;
 With words of peace the hungry hearts to feed,
 And cheer the sad and lonely with a smile.

The right in others' joys a joy to find;
 The right divine to weep when others weep;
 The right to be to all unceasing kind;
 The right to wake and pray while others sleep.

Right to be noble, right to be true,
 Right to think rightly—and rightly to do;
 Right to be tender, right to be just,
 Right to be worthy of infinite trust.

To be the little children's truest friend,
 To know them in their ever-changing mood;
 Forgetting self, to labor to the end
 To be a gracious influence for good.

To be the ladies of creation's lords,
 As mothers, daughters, sisters, or as wives;
 To be the best that earth to them affords,
 To be to them the music of their lives.

The right in strength and honor to be free;
 In daily work accomplished, finding rest;
 The right in "trivial round" a sphere to see
 The right, in blessing, to be fully blest.

Right to be perfect, right to be pure,
 Right to be patient and strong to endure;
 Right to be loving—right to be good—
 These are the rights of true womanhood.
 —Temple Bar.

NEW TESTAMENT CONVERSIONS.

FIVE EARLY CHURCH CONVERSIONS.

Though our Lord sent His disciples
 out on some "trial missions," in order
 to prepare them for their future
 missionary work, it does not
 appear that they dealt personally
 with men, persuading them to accept
 of Jesus Christ as their Lord and
 Saviour, until after the Day of Pente-

cost. The trial missions were but a continuation of John the Baptist's *preparatory* work. Disciples went forth everywhere, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is *at hand*"—"get ready for it;" "repent." They could not say, "Step into it," until the kingdom had actually come; and that could not be until after our Lord's death and resurrection, according to His own declaration, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Pentecost began evangelistic labors. Pentecost began conversions. Pentecost brought together, in persuasion on human hearts, man's witness and Divine influence; the testimony of the Christ, and the power of the Holy Ghost to save. One of the reasons for the openness and impressiveness of the symbols of Divine presence and power at the Day of Pentecost was, that those who worked for the conversion of men must deeply feel that their "power was of God." They must look for two things in every genuine conversion, as a fruitage of their labors—the "washing of regeneration," which represents the man's own act of submission, surrender, and resolve; and the "renewing of the Holy Ghost," which stands for the inward Divine working, which ever goes with, and sanctifies, the personal resolve.

These two sides of the converting work can be clearly seen in the cases narrated in the Acts of the Apostles; but much error has come from the disposition to exaggerate one or the other aspect—either the man's share or the Divine share. The truth lies in the harmony of the two, as set forth in the Bible instances. Men must "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling," but men must also hold fast the conviction that "it is God who worketh in them to will and to do of His good pleasure." Possibly the tendency in our fathers' time

was to exaggerate God's work for us and in us; but certainly our tendency, against which it becomes us to watch, is to exaggerate man's work for himself. We are, therefore, anxious to trace out, and show forth, the very evident signs of the Spirit's presence and power in all the recorded New Testament conversions.

THE EUNUCH OF QUEEN CANDACE.

The first record given us of a personal and individual experience of conversion is that of the *eunuch of Queen Candace*. It is true that thousands were added to the church in the time of Pentecostal excitement, but the eunuch's is the first case in which we can follow the mental and spiritual process.

Whether this man was a born heathen, who had become a Jewish proselyte, or a born Jew, occupying a position of trust at a heathen court, is much disputed. However that may be, the point of interest in his story is that he comes suddenly, quite from the outside, upon the knowledge that One claiming to be the promised Messiah had come, and demanded his allegiance. Visiting Jerusalem for the festival, he had heard strange things, confusing things. One Jesus had been recognized as a great teacher; many said He was the Messiah. He put forth divine power in healing the sick and raising the dead. But the authorities never acknowledged Him, and He had come to a sad end. The Romans had crucified Him. But the strangest thing was that His disciples were going about persisting that He had risen from the dead, and had thus been declared to be the Messiah whom He professed to be.

All this set the eunuch upon thinking and studying. Here is the human side of conversion. He would get to know. He would make some personal decision on the matter. To

him God's sacred Word was the supreme authority. He appealed to the "law and to the testimony." He was an inquirer, a seeker; he was spiritually awakened. And there was an earnest goodwill to follow the light whosoever he might find it.

Now in all this we are bidden to see the workings of God the Holy Ghost. The man was seeking, but God the spirit was making him seek, and guiding his seekings. The Spirit was providing for him guidance and illumination. The Spirit led Philip the Evangelist round so as to meet him. The Spirit bade Philip join himself to the chariot. The Spirit brought conviction through the Word read and explained. The man's will, energized by the Spirit, made the full decision for Christ. The act of baptism was the sign of the man's surrender; the "rejoicing," which told of inward peace and satisfaction, came from the sealing of the Holy Ghost. "He was willing in the day of God's power."

CORNELIUS.

Cornelius was a Gentile centurion, and so far a religious man that he believed in God, and in prayer, and tried to order his own conduct and that of his household in righteousness and charity. He was a moral, upright, even devout man; and yet he needed a saving conversion. He was not, like the eunuch, a seeker after truth; he was rather a seeker after *goodness*—a man who wanted a better goodness than he had been able to attain by his own efforts. He had to find that what he needed was renewal at the very spring of life and feeling; he wanted the inspiration and sanctifying of a *new love*.

The point of his story is, that he could not rest in mere morality; he wanted something more, he wanted personal religion, piety; the power of the supreme motive, the constraint of

an all-persuasive love. The man was really a seeker after God.

And the signs of the Spirit's working, for him and in him, are plain to view. Visions come guiding him; answering visions guide the apostle Peter. The disposition to hear, receive, obey, is given him; Jesus Christ was fully accepted as Saviour and Lord. Peter well pleads, "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" Here again there is no over-riding of the human will, but there is the presence of Divine power in all the decisions of the will.

SAUL THE PHARISEE.

Saul the Pharisee was a man of impulsive temperment; quick, intense, decided, easily persuaded, carried away by prejudices; exceedingly annoyed that the sublime ideas of the national Messiah should ever have been associated with an unknown carpenter's son from Nazareth. And yet Saul was an earnest seeker after truth; he was dissatisfied with the results of the disputes with Stephen, and inwardly convinced that Stephen had more than held his own in the arguments. The "angel face," and calm triumphant death, of the first martyr, influenced Saul more than he was willing to admit; and the very desperateness with which he set about persecuting the Christians—or people of "the Way"—only showed how dissatisfied he was with himself, and how resolutely he was stifling conviction.

We cannot elaborately discuss the process by which the persecuting Pharisee was changed into the humble believer, and a preacher of the faith which he once sought to destroy. Evidently the point on which the great change hung was this,—Is Jesus of Nazareth an impostor? Is He dead

and buried? Is all this talk about His being risen, living, and able to save, a delusion? or is He indeed the Messiah; and so does He claim my allegiance? Such inward questionings were kept alive by the Divine Spirit. Divine grace meets them with an impressive relation of Christ as alive; speaking; and speaking with authority. Paul responds with a full decision of will, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Very plainly we can see both the human and Divine sides in the conversion of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Out of his own personal experiences he writes of the duty of "presenting ourselves a living sacrifice;" and also reminds us that "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

LYDIA.

The first-fruits of the Apostle's labors in Europe was the gentle woman *Lydia*, the model of the quieter forms that conversion often takes. To her, devoutly joining, with other Jewish women in the prayer-place open to the sky, beside the stream, a little way from Philippi, came the stranger Rabbi. She knew of the "expected One," and cheered her soul with the nation's great hope; but no prejudices gathering round the "Nazarene," the "Crucified," hindered her from listening to the ever-entrancing story of the blessed life, and holy labor, and shameful death of Jesus the Christ. Paul preached to her Jesus and the resurrection. Paul pleaded for faith in Him who was declared to be Son of God and Saviour by the resurrection from the dead. And the woman listened, she did more, she "attended"—that is, she obeyed; she responded; she believed; she accepted the Saviour so revealed; she gave herself to him who was thus preached as "loving her and giving Himself for her."

And this might be all the record, if this were all the truth. But there is something else that we must see; something that it is of supreme importance that we should see. There is a secret. The secret holds the true explanation of this conversion. It is told us in a sentence—"Whose heart the *Lord opened*." The power of the Holy Ghost was there. The Lord the Spirit was present in quickening and converting power. The truth and the soul came together, as the gases come together of which water is formed; but there must be the Divine spark ere the waters of conversion can flow, "The Spirit giveth life."

THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

The last illustrative instance on which we comment is that of the *Philippian jailer*. It is usual to dwell only on the very striking question—the greatest of all questions—which the jailer asked, and on the sharply-defined and comprehensive answer which Paul gave him. But we may profitably fix attention on two other points. How evidently God was present in convicting and converting power! The good Spirit inspired those night psalms and songs, which rose from the wearied and bleeding prisoners, and which touch the heart of that hardened jailer, starting thoughts and wishes which he had never known before. And the Spirit was in that earthquake which shook open the prison doors; shook the poor jailer with fears that made him attempt his life, and brought him, as a suppliant, to the feet of his prisoners.

And it is not often noticed that Paul gave careful instructions, as well as an arresting answer; securing thus the deliberate and intelligent decision of the *man's will* for Christ. "They spake unto him the word of the Lord,

and to all that were in his house." And he was only baptized upon his full personal acceptance of Jesus as his Lord and Saviour.

We have dwelt thus on the "New Testament Conversions," because there seems to us a dangerous tendency, in our day, to regard the religious life as a *reformation*, altogether managed by human decision and human skill, rather than as a *conversion*, in which the Divine regeneration works along with the human decision.

Our teachers will only be inspired to seek a definite and personal religious life in the children, as they hold fast, and keep ever close to their thoughts and hearts, the conviction that "*God is working with them, with signs following.*" No more important words can be spoken to Christian teachers and pastors, in our days, than these two: "Honor the Holy Ghost;" "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

MOMENTOUS MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

"The true genius," says Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Cowley," "is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction."

According to this way of looking at it, Cowley furnished a good example. The poet, when very young, found in the window of his mother's parlor a copy of the "Fairy Queen." He was fascinated by the spell of Spenser's verse, and in this way became irrevocably a poet. "Such," Dr. Johnson remarks, "are the accidents which, sometimes remembered and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind and propensity for some certain science or employment which is commonly called genius."

As an addition illustration he mentions his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose fondness for painting was first excited by the perusal of Jonathan Richardson's "Treatise on the Theory of Painting."

One may not quite agree with the definition here given. It is extremely doubtful if genius—as might be inferred from Dr. Johnson's language—would succeed equally well in any line to which accident directed its "mind of large general powers." It

is not of such an adaptable nature, and never in any instance we can remember, has shown itself a fire that will burn any color of the rainbow, according to the torch with which it is lit.

But however this may be, Dr. Johnson, with his two illustrations, has started us on an exceedingly interesting subject. There have been undoubtedly in the lives of many great men moments to which they could look back with the thought that in them their characters became fixed, and the work of their lives really began. Previously they had been groping in the dark, and then all of a sudden the path was alluminated and their direction was made plain. To the enumeration of a few of these this article is to be devoted.

The momentous moment when, according to his own account, the spark of ambition first entered the mind of Napoleon was at the terrible bridge of Lodi. Not till then did he become impressed with the idea that he was destined to do great things, and be a decisive actor in the political arena.

"The obligations of intellect," says Coleridge, "are among the most sacred of the claims of gratitude." We

may take his own case. His feeling for poetry was first decidedly roused by reading a little pamphlet of sonnets by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, a true poet, though not a great one, whose works have now gone much into the background. Coleridge became acquainted with the sonnets in his seventeenth year, and such was his enthusiasm about them that, with "undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal," he not only praised them to all his friends, but within less than a year and a half wrote out forty copies, which he presented as the best of gifts to those who had in any way won his regard.

La Fontaine, the famous French writer, was long in discovering his true vocation. He first thought of taking orders, but soon found he had made a mistake. Then he tried law, but that proved another error. It was not till he was past thirty that the event happened which gave his talents their right direction. The first waking in him of poetical fancies arose from his hearing by chance some verses by Malherbe. A sudden impulse came over him: he immediately bought the works of the poet, and with these was so fascinated that he used to spend the nights in committing Malherbe's verses to memory, and the days in reciting them to himself at the top of his voice in the woods of Champagne.

James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," lighted his poetic torch at the unquenchable fire of the genius of Robert Burns. Hearing "Tam o' Shanter" read by an acquaintance, made a deep impression on his mind, and from that hour he began to indulge in dreams of succeeding to the mantle and poetic fame of the Ayrshire bard.

Not only has the general career of literary genius been directed by such apparently chance circumstances, but particular efforts have had their ori-

gin much in the same way. Gibbon's great work on the Roman Empire was first conceived as he lingered one evening amid the vestiges of her ancient glory. "It was at Rome," says the historian, "on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

The "Task," by which the reputation of Cowper was established, had its origin in a sportive observation made by his friend, Lady Austen. She had frequently urged him to try his powers in blank verse, and on his pleading the lack of a subject, remarked, "Oh! you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any; write upon this Sofa." The poet obeyed:—

"I sing the Sofa....

The theme, though humble, yet august and proud

The occasion—for the Fair commands the song."

Malebranche, one of the most famous of the metaphysicians of France, was loitering idly in a bookseller's shop, and on turning over a parcel of books he lighted on one of the works of Descartes, the "*Traite de l'homme*." From that moment he became alive to his real mission in the world. He read, we are told, with ravenous delight, and was so overpowered by the novelty and luminousness of the ideas, and by the solidity and coherence of the principles of the author, that he was repeatedly compelled, by violent palpitations of the heart, to lay the volume down.

These physical symptoms of enthusiasm remind us of the effect produced on Alfieri, the great tragic poet of Italy, by the perusal of the "*Lives*" of Plutarch. "This book of books," he says, "I read over five or six times,

with such transports of excitement, tears, and enthusiasm, that a person in an adjoining room would have supposed I was mad." It was this work which inspired in him an undying passion for freedom and independence.

Like Malebranche, John Locke owed much to falling in with the writings of Descartes. The first books, he told Lady Masham, which gave him a relish for philosophical things were those of this profound thinker.

Locke, in his turn, had a lasting influence on Jonathan Edwards. The celebrated author of the "Freedom of the Will" had his intense passion for abstract thought first kindled by reading Locke on the "Human Understanding." He afterwards declared that it gave him "far higher pleasure than the most greedy miser finds when gathering up handfuls of silver and gold from some newly-discovered treasure."

Benjamin Franklin attributed an influence on some of the principal events of his life to his meeting with two books: one an "Essay on Projects," by Defoe, and the other an "Essay to do Good," by Dr. Mather.

The birth of intellect in the case of William Cobbett has been told by himself in a passage well worth quoting for its charming freshness and simplicity. When a boy of eleven years of age he was making his way to Kew to seek for work in the royal gardens there, and on nearing his journey's end found himself with only threepence left in his pocket. "With this for my whole fortune," he says, "I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and my red gaiters tied under my knees, when my eyes fell on a little book in a bookseller's window. 'Tale of a Tub,' price 3d. The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but then I could have no supper. In I went and got the little book,

which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, where there stood a haystack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had ever read before, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description, and it produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer I put my little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book."

Faraday, when a bookseller's apprentice, was first powerfully attracted to the study of chemistry by attending one of Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution.

The first suggestion of the pendulum itself for measuring the flight of time occurred to Galileo in 1583, whilst watching the vibrations of the great bronze lamp still to be seen swinging from the roof of the cathedral of Pisa. He observed that whatever the range of its oscillations they were invariably executed in equal times, and the experimental verification of this fact led him to the important discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum.

An equally sudden and happy thought was that which directed the mind of Newton to the subject of gravity. An apple had fallen on his head as he sat reading under a tree. "When he observed the smallness of the apple he was surprised at the force of the stroke. This led him to consider the accelerating motion of falling bodies, from whence he deducted the principle of gravity and laid the foundation of his philosophy." This plausible and favorite story has

been questioned, but it seems to rest on good authority. Tradition long marked a tree as that from which the apple descended on the crown of the philosopher. Owing to decay it was cut down in 1820, its wood, however, being carefully preserved.

Thomas Pennant—of the “Tour in Scotland” and “Tour in Wales”—had his passion for natural history called into being by obtaining the present of a book on birds.

Having begun with a military conqueror we may well end with a peaceful naturalist and antiquary. We have spoken now of momentous moments which have influenced the lives of no fewer than twenty-eight remarkable men. And to those we have given, every one will be able, from the harvest of his reading, to add examples of his own.

JAMES MASON.

WORLD-WIDE PRAYER.

We call attention to the season of Universal Prayer for Sunday Schools. Encouraged by the remembrance of the blessings that have resulted in the past, alike to Scholars and Teachers, let all draw near to God this year with the voice of thanksgiving and praise.

No Christian workers are more frequently reminded of their complete dependence upon God than are Sunday School Teachers; the opposing forces that have to be encountered, and the special difficulties that have to be overcome are of themselves sufficient to induce all faithful servants to wait upon the Almighty and All-loving One, that they may seek from Him the strength and wisdom needed for the prosecution of the work.

TOPICS FOR PRAYER.

1. For teachers, young, experienced, and old.
2. For superintendents.
3. For the very little ones who attend

infant classes. 4. For scholars in great cities, exposed as they are to peculiar temptations. 5. For orphans. 6. For the children of careless and ungodly parents. 7. For inquirers, made so in the Sabbath school. 8. For those converted there. 9. For those rising through senior classes to be teachers. 10. For the members of Bible and senior classes. 11. For friends who countenance and support Sabbath schools. 12. For pious parents, who seek the godly nurture of their children. 13. For unconverted parents, whose example and influence are against the souls' welfare of their offspring. 14. For special aggressive efforts either in town or county. 15. For the Sabbath schools attached to mission stations at home, and on the Continent of Europe, and in foreign lands. 16. For the numbers who annually leave Sabbath schools. 17. For teachers who are tempted to forsake the work. 18. For those who have done so. 19. Thanksgiving for all successes, present and past, on a small or large scale.

Other themes, there can be little doubt, will suggest themselves. We leave the matter here, cordially commending it to all whom we can reach, and urging those who meet with this to widen its sphere of influence.—*A Sabbath School Teacher.*

SEVEN LAWS OF TEACHING.

The following “Seven Laws of Teaching,” by Dr. Gregory, lie at the very foundation of all successful teaching, and hence a careful and thoughtful reading of them will prove helpful and suggestive to those who teach:

I. Know thoroughly and familiarly the lessons you wish to teach: or, in other words, teach from a full mind and a clear understanding.

II. Gain and keep the interest of

the pupils upon the lesson. Refuse to teach without attention.

III. Use words understood by both teacher and pupil in the same sense, —language clear and vivid alike to both.

IV. Begin with what is already well known to the pupil in the lesson or upon the subject, and proceed to the unknown by single, easy, and natural steps, letting the known explain the unknown.

V. Use the pupil's own mind, exciting his self-activities, and leading him

to think out the truth for himself. Keep his thoughts, as much as possible, ahead of your expression, making him a discoverer of truth.

VI. Require the pupil to reproduce in thought the lesson he is learning; thinking it out in its parts, proofs, corrections, and applications, till he can express it in his own language.

VII. Review, *review*, REVIEW,—reproducing correctly the old, deepening its expression with new thought, correcting false views and completing the true.

For the Young People.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

Professor Drummond, in his address at the Northfield Conference, told this story to the young people: "I know of a very beautiful character—one of the loveliest characters which had ever bloomed on this earth. It was the character of a young girl. She always wore about her neck a little locket, but nobody was allowed to open it. None of her companions ever knew what it contained, until one day she was laid down with a dangerous illness, when one of them was granted permission to look into the locket, and she saw written there 'Whom not having seen, I love.' That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into that same image."

My dear children, what a grand thought this is for you! What beautiful words those are for each one of you to treasure in your hearts! How sweet to be changed into His image while you are in the days of youth, that your fresh young faces may be seen reflecting His love as you go about among your companions and the dear ones in the home, doing good

in His name as you have opportunity! How helpful it would be to those about you to see in you the spirit of Christ, and how happy they would be made when they were in your companionship! There would be no unkind words spoken to or of each other; no failings told to hurt each other's characters and influences; no rude slights nor thoughtless neglects shown; no selfish or jealous feelings harbored in the heart to disturb its peace and contentment. Loving Him whom you have not seen, and thereby growing into His image, will give you the very traits of character that you need most in your every-day life. The fruit of the Spirit of Christ, St. Paul tells us, is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. What beautiful lives are those that are governed by these sweet and helpful characteristics!—*Susan T. Perry.*

THE FIRST INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.

Said W. T. Stead, editor of *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The first time I felt the influence of the Bible

was when I first went to boarding-school. I was unspeakably miserable and forlorn. I was only twelve, and had never been away from home before. It was then I discovered the consolatory influence of many of the Psalms. Take them all around, the Psalms are probably the best reading in the world when you are hard hit and ready to perish. After I left school, Proverbs influenced me most; and I remember when I was offered an editorship, reading all the Proverbs relating to kings, as affording the best advice I was likely to get anywhere as to the discharge of editorial duties. When I was busy with active, direct work among the ignorant and poor, the story of Moses' troubles with the Jews in the wilderness was most helpful. Later, when from 1876 to 1878 no one knew when he went to bed but that by morning Lord Beaconsfield would have plunged the Empire into war, the Hebrew prophets formed my Bible. In 1885 it was the story of the Evangelists. If I had to single out any one chapter which I am conscious of having influenced me most, I should say the first of Joshua, with its oft-repeated exhortations to be strong and to be very courageous; and if I had to single out any particular verses, it would be those which were taught me when a boy, and which I long afterwards saw on the wall of Gen. Gordon's room at Southampton: "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart; lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

THE FOUR BAPTISMS.

There are *four baptisms* mentioned in the Bible. "The baptism of water," "the baptism of repentance," "the baptism of the Holy Ghost," and "the baptism of fire." "The baptism

of water" is the emblem of all; but "the baptism of water" would be nothing without "the baptism of repentance," which it was intended to express; and "the baptism of repentance" will be unavailing—for peace, for holiness, for heaven—unless it is accompanied by "the baptism of the Holy Ghost;" and "the baptism of the Holy Ghost" is never far separated from "the baptism of fire." The four make one complete whole, and are the basis of the Christian life.

SIXTEEN LOST, ONE SAVED.

At a public dinner given to General Harrison, when he was a candidate for the office of President of the United States, one of the guests rather conspicuously "drank to his health." The General pledged his toast by drinking water. Another gentleman offered a toast, and said, "General, will you favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General, in a very gentlemanly way, begged to be excused. He was again urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from his seat and said, in the most dignified manner—

"Gentlemen, I have twice refused to partake of the wine-cup. I hope that will be sufficient. Though you press the matter ever so much, not a drop shall pass my lips. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink. That vow I have never broken. I am one of a class of *seventeen young men* who graduated at college together. The other sixteen members of my class *now fill drunkard's graves*, and all from the pernicious habit of wine drinking. I owe all my health, my happiness and prosperity, to that resolution. Would you urge me to break it now?" The effect on the company may be imagined.

But I confess that I am so stiff in talking Cymraeg just now that I find little pleasure in it. I presume that a few weeks practice would bring it back again. The chief trouble I find with it now is, that I find myself using unconsciously Tamil words when I think myself to be using only my mother tongue. I did, however, enjoy immensely singing for the first time for many years. "O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled," "Gwaed y groes," &c. How I value these precious old hymns of my earliest days. No tongue compares with our own dear one in its anxious, inspiring hymns, and in the uplifting tunes to which they are coupled.

The Tamil language is, in some respects, similiar to the Welsh. Its literature is mostly poetic and its poetry unlike any other save the

"Gynghanedd Gymraeg," for it is elaborately alliterative. Its rich harmony of consonants remind me constantly of our own tongue. I should say that I am editing and publishing for the *Mission* a monthly paper, in Tamil, called *Good News*, and is a paper of missionary intelligence.

The Lord is blessing us in our work and giving us a great deal of comfort and not a few precious results in it. Our greatest trouble is that we have too much work on hand. Our mission circle is now much weakened by deaths and sickness, so that those of us who are left are overburdened, still we find that the Lord gives us strength and spares us wonderfully from the many troubles and diseases incident to this tropical climate. As ever, fraternally yours,

J. P. JONES.

INSCRIPTION OF REV. EDWARD JENKINS IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRIAN :

In visiting the South recently, and looking over an historical edifice in Charlestown, S. C.,—St. Michael's Church, built in 1752—I found in a conspicuous place at the head of the church a tablet with the enclosed inscription. If it has not been published as yet, I think it will form an interesting item for THE CAMBRIAN.

Yours truly,

THOMAS C. POWELL,
Providence, R. I.

QUI CHRISTO VIVIT, PERIRE NESCIT.

In memory of Edward Jenkins, D. D., who died in April, 1821, in Glamorganshire, in Wales, the place of his nativity. He was educated at Jesus College, Oxford, and having removed to this country, was successively Rector of the Churches of St. Bartholomew, St. Michael's and St. Philip.

Whilst he was Rector of St. Michael's, his orthodox principles as a minister of the Gospel, his abilities as a preacher, his assiduity as a Parochial Priest, his candor, probity and benevolence, his exemplary, pious and moral conduct, graced with the acquirements of the scholar and polished manners of the gentleman, designated him as well qualified for the dignified station of Bishop of South Carolina, to which he was elected Dec. 20, 1804, and which he declined, apprehensive that his advanced age might impede the punctual discharge of its duties.

Bereaved by death of the issue he had by his beloved wife, a native of this State, he shewed a parental kindness to the children and grandchildren whom she had by a former husband.

They to record his worth and their

gratitude, here place this inadequate memorial.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—*Psalms* 112: verse 6.

WE copy from the *Daily Journal*, Macomb, Ill., the following sketch of Rev. George Cleaton Wilding, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Peoria, Ill.

Born in a large, venerable, stone house in a lovely valley at the foot of a great mountain, near *Rhayader*, *Radnorshire*, *South Wales*, Great Britain, July 17th, 1846. His parents soon moved to Tredegar, Monmouthshire and remind until May, 1851, when they left the old world and came to this country, settling at Coal Bluff, Washington county, Penn. In the summer of 1855, moved to Mason county, Virginia, where he continued to reside until he entered the ministry. He was licensed to exhort in 1871, by Rev. John M. Powell, at New Haven, W. Va., and in six months was licensed to preach by the quarterly conference at the same place and under the same pastor.

He was pastor first in Point Pleasant circuit, then at the North Street Church, Wheeling, W. Va., and afterward at the Thomson Church, Wheeling, next to Parkersburg. In answer to the petition of the preachers of the

district, was made presiding elder of the Parkersburg district, where he served until near the end of the fourth year. In May, 1885, he was transferred from the W. Virginia Conference to the Central Illinois Conference, and stationed at Monmouth, and at last session of Conference was assigned to the First Church, Peoria, Ill.

He married Mary E. Hall, at New Haven, Mason county, W. Va., on November 9th, 1868; has five children living, two daughters and three sons, and one little son gone on before. Has been in the temperance work for twenty years; he was grand secretary of the Good Templars in W. Virginia, for one year, 1871-2. He was a delegate from the W. Virginia Conference, to the General Conference of 1884, in Philadelphia, and to the Centennial Conference that met at Baltimore, the same year. Was secretary of the W. Virginia Conference for seven successive years, 1878-85.

His parents, on account of the ill health of his father, returned to Great Britain, in May, 1876, to make it their permanent home. They resided at Builth Wells, Breconshire, South Wales. In the summer of 1878 he went over to visit them, and spent three months traveling over England and Wales.

Editorial Notes and Comments.

THE CAMBRIAN.

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Price, \$1.25 a Year; clubs of ten, \$1.00 each
IN ADVANCE.

E. C. EVANS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. THOMAS J. POWELL, Coalburg, Ohio, was one of the successful com-

petitors on the novels at the National Eisteddfod in London.

MR. P. M. EVANS, Milwaukee, Wis., has just published a Welsh volume of humorous sketches, called *Y Cydymaith Dyddan*. Price, 60 cents. A very interesting little book.

ANOTHER book published lately at

Utica, is one by Rev. O. Waldo James, Kingston, Pa., on the difficult texts of Scripture. It is an able, instructive and interesting exposition of many important passages. It includes also two or three articles by Rev. T. C. Edwards, Kingston, Pa. Price, one dollar. Send for it.

We desire to call attention also to the book entitled *Llangobaith*, by Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, Utica, whose advertisement is in THE CAMBRIAN. It is a charming story and full of interest.

MR. D. O. EVANS has published a new song by W. Apmadoc, of Utica, entitled, "THE SHOE UPON THE SHORE." Welsh words by Gwilym Alltwn, the English version by Rev. Erasmus W. Jones. Judging from a very complimentary review in the *Drych*, Nov. 17th, the song is destined to become popular. We publish an extract: "It is a pretty and pathetic song, the melody flowing like a rivulet. A moderate good vocalist could sing it, but it requires a singer with a soul in him to understand and show its sentiments."

"DAYS GONE BY" is another fine bass song composed by the same author, and is just published by Arthur P. Schmidt & Co., of Boston. The song is in D minor and suited to low bass voices. Both songs have been reviewed favorably by our best critics.

"THE FAREWELL:" Words by T. C. Edwards; Music by D. J. J. Mason, Mus. Bac., Wilkesbarre, Pa., published by R. A. Spaulding.

ANOTHER book we would commend to those who read Welsh is *Adgofion am y diweddgar Barch. Griffith Jones*, Tre' Garth, by R. O., lately, of Bethesda, N. W., but now residing in Granville, N. Y. R. O.'s lectures are very popular and should be well attended if he pays his intended visit to Oneida county.

PERSONAL NOTES.

THE members of the Congregational church, Pottsville, and the friends of the Rev. D. S. Davies, the pastor, tendered to him lately a donation of about \$50.00 as a token of their friendly regards and appreciation.

MR. BENJAMIN HUGHES, Superintendent of Mines, Hyde Park, Pa., was lately presented on his 63rd birthday with an illuminated address by the members of his Sabbath school class as a recognition of his services as teacher.

REV. R. R. DAVIES, Fairport, N. Y., was lately supplying the pulpit of the Plymouth church, Utica, N. Y.

MR. MORGAN R. MORGANS, Plymouth, Pa., has been promoted to be Assistant General Superintendent under the L. & W, Coal Co. Mr. Morgans will hereafter be stationed at Wilkes-Barre.

MR. EVAN H. DAVIES, Newburgh, O., has been elected a member of the Ohio Legislature.

MR. HUGH HUGHES, Turin, N. Y., is also elected a member of the New York Legislature.

WE are glad to learn that Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards is gradually recovering his strength after his illness during summer.

REV. GEORGE HENSHAW, Sharon, Pa., on Nov. 9th, was favored with a surprise party by the people of his charge.

ON Nov. 2nd, a surprise party visited the home of the Rev. J. T. Morris, Bellevue, Scranton, Pa., and distributed several valuable presents in recognition of faithful service. Mrs. Morris receiving an elegant chair and ice cream set, and Mr. Morris receiving a handsome gold penholder and the following valuable books: "Hours with the Bible," 6 vols.; "Life, Letters, and Lectures of Fredrick W. Robertson," 1 vol.; "Pheasaurus of English Words and Phrases," (Roget), 1 vol.; "Synonymes," (Soule), 1 vol.; "Our Country."

A CYMREIGYDION Society has been formed in Lima O., for social entertainment and literary culture. Prof. William Miles and Mrs. O. Francis lately read interesting papers.

MR. T. L. MORGAN (Llyfnwy) now makes his home in Shenandoah, Pa.

REV. HENRY THOMAS, Freeland, Pa., has removed with his family to Remsen to take charge of the Baptist church. The people of Remsen are glad to welcome him.

REV. D. JEWETT DAVIES, M. A., Newark, O., has accepted a call to take charge of the C. M. Church at Horeb, Venedocia O., and begins his labors in his new field with the New Year. He is one of our ablest Theologians.

REV. E. JOSEPH was lately ordained and regularly installed pastor of the C. M. Church at Waukesha, Wis.

THE Well Known "R. O.," Bethesda, N. W., has lately arrived in America, and has been lecturing at Middle Granville, N. Y., and other places on Rev. G. Jones, Tre'r Garth.

REV. J. MICHAEL HUGHES, formerly of Fair Haven, Vt., has settled in charge of the C. M. Church at Long Creek, Iowa, where his family have now joined him. His address is Box 22, Columbus City, Iowa.

A SUCCESSFUL Eisteddfod was held at Slatington Nov. 26th. The Presidents were Messrs. William Lloyd, Wm W. Jones and Thomas R. Davies Phila. Conductors were Mr. D.C. Powell (Dewi Cwmtwrch) and Mr. W. G. Lewis, Catasauqua, Pa. Vocalists, Miss Mary Parry (Meinwen Lelchid), Prof. John P. Thomas, Plymouth. Pianist Prof. J. Tyson Roberts, Slatington.

THE Welsh Congregationists of Chicago, lately held their annual festival, where a large number was present and spent a very enjoyable evening.

MR. EVYN LLOYD, the dry goods merchant on State St., Chicago, keeps a large and flourishing establishment.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Union Central Insurance Co., of Cincinnati, O., which appears in THE CAMBRIAN. Its Board of Directors includes two distinguished Welsh American gentlemen. We refer to the two brothers, Dr. John Davies, the President, and Dr. William B. Davies, the Medical Director. Their well-known Christian integrity, sound business habits, and high standing in the medical profession form a sufficient guarantee for the good management of the affairs of the company. We are glad to observe that the official reports show that the company has for some time experienced a lower death rate, while, at the same time, it has

realized a higher interest rate on its investments than is shown by any other company. The new insurance written last year amounted to over \$11,000,000, and we understand that this year a \$15,000,000 figure will undoubtedly be reached. The Union Central has active agents in nearly all the States of the Union, and is every way deserving of its signal success.

MARRIED.

ROBERTS—WILLIAMS—Sept. 14th, 1887, at the residence of the bride's father, Columbus, Wis., by the Rev. John J. Roberts, assisted by Rev. D. R. Williams, Mr. Robert J. Roberts, the son of Rev. J. J. Roberts, and Miss Maria C. Williams.

THOMAS—THOMAS—Sept. 15, 1887, at Hyde Park, Pa., by Rev. R. Foulk Jones, Mr. David M. Thomas, Scranton, Pa., and Miss Rachel Thomas, Shamokin, Pa.

JONES—HUGHES—Sept. 15th, 1887, at his own residence, Shenandoah, Pa., by Rev. Ellis Walter Jones, Mr. David Jones and Miss Maggie Hughes, both of Shenandoah, Pa.

MORRIS—WILLIAMS—Oct. 12th, 1887, at Fairview, N. Y., by Rev. Edward Roberts, Mr. W. Morris and Miss Kate A. Williams, both of Fairview, N. Y.

HUGHES—HUGHES—Oct. 15th, 1887, by Rev. Robert T. Roberts, Sparta, Wis., at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Robert Hughes and Miss Mary E. Hughes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hughes, Minneapolis, Minn.

THOMAS—DAVIES—Oct. 19th, 1887, by the Rev. H. E. Thomas, D. D., father of the bride-groom, Rev. Thomas Pierce Thomas, Orwell, Pa., and Miss Annie Davies, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REES—OWENS—Oct. 20, 1887, at the bride's home, Gomer, Ohio, by the Rev. R. Mawddwy Jones, Mr. Thomas Mr. Rees, of Venedocia, Ohio, and Miss Lizzie M. Owens, Gomer, Ohio. Many elegant presents were received.

MORRIS—JONES—Nov. 17th, 1887, at the residence of Mr. John Owens, Whitestown, N. Y., by Rev. T. T. Davis, Remsen, N. Y., Mr. Humphrey J. Morris and Miss Margaret E. Jones, both from Floyd, N. Y.

ROWLANDS—JONES—Nov. 2, 1887, at Racine, Wis., by Rev. J. P. Williams, Mr. W. E. Rowlands and Miss Katie A. Jones, both of Racine, Wis.

ROBERTS—THOMAS—Nov. 16th, 1887, at Randolph, Wis., by Rev. Thomas Foulkes, Mr. Robert L. Roberts, Columbus, Wis., and Miss Mary Thomas, Randolph, Wis.

LEYSHON—DAVIES—Oct. 29th, 1887, in Baltimore, Md., by Rev. J. Wynne Jones, Mr. Rees Leyshon and Miss Mary Davies.

THOMAS—MEREDITH—Nov. 9th, 1887, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Meredith, Holland Patent, N. Y., by Rev. M. E. Grant, Mr. William R. Thomas, Utica, N. Y., and Miss Lizzie Meredith, Holland Patent, N. Y. A large company of friends was present and the bride received many valuable and useful presents.

EVANS—JONES—Nov. 10th, 1887, by Rev. Joseph Roberts, at his own residence, Racine, Wis., Thomas J. Evans and Mrs. Mary Jones both of Racine, Wis.

GRIFFITHS—RICHARDS—Nov. 21, 1887 at Summit Hill, Pa., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. George Richards, merchant, by Rev. O. Waldo James, Kingston, Pa., Mr. Robert Griffiths and Miss Sarah Ann Richards, both of Summit Hill, Pa.

EVANS—SEWELL—Nov. 23, 1887, at Abbott Place, Baltimore, Md., by Rev. J. Wynne Jones, Mr. Richard D. Evans, M. D., Pueblo, Colo., and Miss Lydia A. Sewell, Baltimore, Md.

TAPLEY—ROBERTS—Nov. 23, 1887, at Deerfield, N. Y., by Rev. R. L. Bachman, Mr. John D. Tapley, Watertown, N. Y., and Miss Lilla M. Roberts, Deerfield, N. Y.

HUGHES—MARKHAM—At Collinsville, Lewis county, New York, Dec. 14th, 1887, by Rev. Lewis Williams, of Port Leyden, David Hughes and Miss Frances L. Markham, both of Collinsville, N. Y.

DAVISE—JONES—December 17th, 1887, at the residence of Mr. William Thomas, Remsen, N. Y., by Rev. Edward Davies, assisted by Rev. E. C. Evans, Rev. T. T. Evans and Mrs. Winnie Jones, both of Remsen, N. Y. Rev. T. T. Evans is the pastor of the late Dr. Everett's church, and deservedly popular with his people. Many friends wish Mr. and Mrs. Davies a long and happy life, and great usefulness in the Masters work.

DIED.

JONES—Rev. D. Rhys Jones, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Plymouth, Pa., was suddenly taken away, by death, on Sep-

tember 21st, 1887, to the great loss and grief of his beloved family and church.

WILLIAMS—Rev. John D. Williams, Lima Springs, Iowa, another aged minister, whose death occurred in the early part of October, 1887. He was an able and faithful minister of the gospel. He is survived by his wife who was a sister of the late Rev. Thos. Roberts Proscairon, Wis., and by two sons and a daughter. One son, Rev. Daniel Williams, is a successful minister in the Presbyterian Church. The other son, Mr. W. W. Williams, is engaged in business at Lima Springs.

DAVIES—November 8th, 1887, Mr. Charles M. Davies, son of Dr. D. C. Davies, died at his home in Columbus, Wis., from *Cerebro Spinal Meningitis*. He was buried at Cambria, Wis.

DAVIES—At Colton, near San Bernardino, Cal., Mr. J. W. Davies lately died in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was a native of Llanfihangel, Montgomeryshire. He came to this country in 1840; settled for a while at New York Mills, N. Y., then at Fox Lake, Wis., where he practiced law; was president of the bank, and was for two terms member of the Assembly. He had been in California eleven years.

JONES—We regret to record the death of Mr. Josiah Jones, better known in literary circles by the name Josiah Brynmair, Gomer, Allen county, Ohio. The event took place Saturday, October 15th, 1887, in the 80th year of his age. He was a well-known writer and composer of excellent hymns, and a man of unusual intelligence and matured Christian experience. Next month we hope to have his portrait together with a short sketch of his life.

PUGH—Rev. David Pugh, of Kingston, Wis., died October 11th, at the residence of Thomas L. Williams, 731 College avenue, Racine, Wis. Two weeks ago he came here to supply the Welsh Presbyterian Church for a few Sabbaths. Last Tuesday he went to Chicago and was telegraphed on Wednesday to return in order to conduct the funeral services of Mrs. Howell. On Friday he conducted two religious services, one at Mt. Pleasant, the other in the city. Saturday morning Mrs. Williams noticing that he was later than usual in getting up, thought at first that he was fatigued, but after awhile she became anxious, and knocked at his room, discovered that he was sick, and to her surprise, had vomited a large quantity of blood. She immediately called the as-

sistance of Dr. John Meachem, Sr., and he pronounced it an attack of hemorrhage of the stomach. Saturday he had five attacks, and ten or twelve Sunday. He continued to grow weaker until death came to his relief at the time mentioned.

Mr. Pugh was a remarkable man in many respects. He was born on a farm near Harlech, Meirionethshire, North Wales, in the year 1821, and consequently was sixty six years old when he died. In the year 1846 he emigrated to America and settled on a farm near Kingston in this state where he has resided ever since. He was married two years before he emigrated. When he settled in this state, the location that he selected was on the extreme verge of civilization, and the native Indians were the most numerous inhabitants in that section. He, like all pioneers, went through many privations and hardships, but he and his devoted wife went through them with courage and fortitude. He has been an eminent minister with the Welsh Presbyterians in this state for a quarter of a century. He has taken a foremost part in all the movements of his church, and was regarded as one of the most safe and reliable leaders, as he possessed in an eminent degree a practical common sense. During his whole public life he was a strong advocate of temperance, and very active in Sunday school work, as well as an earnest promoter of improved congregational singing. As a minister of the Gospel, he was most exemplary, and his ministrations were always and everywhere greatly appreciated. He has often supplied the Welsh Churches of Chicago, Racine and Milwaukee, where he has very many devoted friends. He was considered an excellent literary critic, and a poet of real merit. His services as an adjudicator in literary meetings, were frequently in demand. His poetical effusions are highly appreciated, one especially, on "The Storm" which is a most natural and vivid description of a thunder storm in summer time.

When he was first attacked he was conscious that it would prove fatal, but showed a most perfect resignation to the will of his Master. It can be truly said of him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Besides a widow he leaves an only son Richard O. Pugh, who is a merchant at Portage, and a daughter, Mrs. J. H. Parry, Cambria. He was buried at Portage Prairie, Columbia county, the following Friday afternoon.

T. L. W.

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After suffering from Bright's Disease for four years, and being confined to bed for five weeks, and pronounced incurable by physicians, after a few doses of your Cure, I was relieved from all pain, and am now well and at work.—Thomas Davison, Delaware Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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[CYFREITHWYR CYMBRIG.]

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[LOOK ON THE OTHER SIDE.]

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[LOOK ON THE OTHER SIDE.]

THE CAMBRIAN.

Now, go write it before them in a table, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come for ever and ever.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 12.



WELSH-AMERICAN WORTHIES.

**EDWARD D. JONES, ESQ., DETROIT, MICH., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE DETROIT DRY DOCK
ENGINE WORKS.**

Our short sketches of "Welsh-American Worthies" are not intended to be simply and merely tributes of honor to those Welsh-Americans who have attained success and honor, but also to furnish our young people with

personal examples and illustrations of successful lives, which should stimulate them to cherish those qualities and virtues which tend to improve their position in life. Among this class of "Welsh-American Worthies," Mr. Edward D. Jones, Detroit, Mich., deserves an honorable place as an instance of one who has attained a position of wealth, honor and usefulness by reason of his industry, perseverance and integrity.

Mr. Jones was born in 1819, at a place called Lôn, near Llanuwchllyn, Meirionethshire, North Wales, his parents being David and Catharine Jones, who were farmers, and highly respected in the community. After acquiring such elementary education as was afforded by the common schools of the district, he served his apprenticeship to the trade of blacksmith at Llangower. Afterward he lived a short time at Oswestry and Birmingham. Emigrating to America in 1844, he settled first in New York, where he found employment as blacksmith. Moving from New York to Detroit, Mich., in 1853, he still worked for 14 years at his own trade. In 1865, however, having, as foreman for others, accumulated a little money by economy and industry, Mr. Jones, along with others, who have proved excellent partners, formed a company under the title of "The Detroit Dry Dock Engine Works,"* of which Mr. Jones has been from the beginning a prominent member, and is at present Vice President of the Company. The establishment is extensive and complete, including the several departments of machine, foundry, boiler and blacksmith shops, the latter always having been unde-

the management of Mr. Jones. The capital stock invested on the formation of the company was about \$25,000. This, however, has been gradually increased to the sum of \$200,000. And the company now handles an annual business of over \$500,000. No less than about 140 engines, ranging in value from \$5,000 to \$50,000 each, have been built and fitted up at these shops for boats plying on the lakes, and the company is doing a large amount of work in the line of shoes and rudders and heavy forging generally, for which Mr. Jones is well known over the lakes. From a small beginning the company has attained to a most flourishing condition.

Mr. Jones was married in Wales. His first wife, however, died in New York. He was afterwards married to a highly respected young lady, who was a daughter of Mr. Griffith Griffiths, Criggau, Lleyn, N. W. She died in Detroit in 1869; the family at that time consisting of two sons and a daughter, who hold honorable and responsible positions in life and society. In 1872 Mr. Jones was married at Utica, N. Y., to his present wife, who is a very estimable lady, and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David and Dorothy Richards, Bardsey Island, N. W. By this marriage one daughter has been added to the family. Mr. Jones and his family are active and prominent members of the Congregational Church.

Being an enthusiastic Welshman, Mr. Jones has always been distinguished for his readiness to aid in securing the welfare of his countrymen, equally in private, by giving them employment in his own workshop, by aiding them in securing employment elsewhere, and by kindly aid for the relief of those in need and distress, as well as by his liberal support of the religious societies of the church and the national institu-

*As we are going to press, we learn that the plant of the Dry Dock Engine Works have been sold and merged in a new company, to be known hereafter as The Detroit Dry Dock Engine Company.

tion of the Eisteddfod, which tend to promote the advancement of his counmen intellectually, socially and religiously. And Welsh ministers are always given a hospitable welcome at his home whenever they call at Detroit.

On arriving in this country, Mr. Jones knew but very little English, and was under many other disadvan-

tages; but his life has been remarkably successful, which he attributes to his faithfulness, sobriety, economy, integrity and perseverance in the same business and chiefly in the same place. And we may say that all these traits contain valuable suggestions for the guidance of the young men of the present day.

A HISTORY OF THE FIRST WELSH SETTLERS IN GALLIA AND JACKSON COUNTIES, OHIO.

BY MR. A. V. EVANS, CAMBA, JACKSON CO., OHIO.

The family of Lewis Davis at that time consisted of himself and wife, Marian, with their two sons, David, who is now dead, and John, who is living, surrounded by his children, at Easton, Buchanan county, Mo. To Lewis and Marian Davis were born eight children, three of whom are living. These three are John Davis, Easton, Mo.; Mrs. Polly Evans, Cincinnati, O.; and Thomas Davis, Pottsville, Pa. After the death of his first wife, Lewis Davis married Mrs. Huntley, and they are the parents of two children, Charles and Nancy. Charles is dead, and Nancy is living at Oak Hill, the wife of Jonathan Lloyd.

The family of William Williams consisted of himself and wife, Margaret, and nine children, as follows: Morgan Williams, who died at Radnor, Ohio, about the year 1850; Hannah, who became the wife of Timothy Jones at Centreville, O.; Eleanor, who became the wife of William H. Cherington, and died at her home near Camba, O., in 1878. She was the mother of seven children, and is survived by one daughter and her husband, who is still living at the age of 86; David, who died at Radnor, O., in 1876, leaving children, two of whom live in Nebraska and three in

Ohio; Ebenezer, who died in 1867 or '68, leaving a family, some of whom are living in Franklin county, Ohio, and others in various places; Ann, who married Abraham Lloyd, died about thirty years ago, leaving her husband and one daughter, who are now living at Radnor, O.; Mary, who married John W. Cone and died at Radnor, after having reared a family of twelve children to adult age. Of these there are living seven sons and three daughters—two in Kansas and eight in Delaware county, O. Thomas B. Williams, who became a doctor and lived at Delaware, O., where he had a lucrative practice and died a few years since, survived by his wife and daughter, Clara, who are now living at Delaware. The above named members of the Williams family who crossed the ocean are all dead, but there is still living one, and only one child, of Wm. Williams, though she was born after the settlement was made, and did not cross the ocean. She is Margaret Williams Maize, and lives in Delaware county, O., where she has three children. Her husband, James Maize, died several years ago.

The sixth and last of the original families consisted of Thomas Evans and wife, with their four children,

viz. : John, David, Margaret and Madeline. They moved to Radnor, O., in 1822, and are now all dead. John and David removed, before their death, to Hardin county and engaged in stock-raising. Margaret married Mr. Moore, and lived and died in Union county, O. The other daughter, Madeline, married Sylvanus Davids and lived until her death at Radnor township, Delaware county, O. Of the grandchildren of this Thomas Evans, the whereabouts of but one is known. That one is B. F. Davids, who lives at the old homestead near Radnor, O.

The persons named above composed the party which made the first Welsh settlement in Jackson and Gallia counties. The family of Wm. Williams bought and moved first on the farm known as the Gillespie place, about half a mile north of Centreville, whence they removed in 1822 to Radnor. Thos. Evans purchased an adjoining farm and lived there until he sold the same to Wm. Wilmore, (the father of Thomas Wilmore of Banner, O.), and removed in 1822 to Radnor. The other four families were closely related and seemed a separate party. They purchased land near each other on Cherry Fork, at some distance from Williams and Evans, and lived there, first in one large house, and afterward separately, each on his own land. The land was at that time covered by a dense forest, and was a part of Raccoon township, Gallia county, but a few years later it became a part of Madison township, Jackson county. At the time of the settlement there was very little cleared land in the vicinity, and the new-comers were but little behind their American neighbors in that respect. There was experienced the same lonesome, homesick feeling which affects all strangers in a strange land. Yet their neighbors were very cordial in their welcome, and treated these people from

Wales with uniform kindness and courtesy. They had for neighbors : John Horton, Adam Welker, James Lewis, Thomas Buck, Philip Atkins, Benjamin and Elijah Dulaney, Thos. Oliver, Nimrod Arthur, Hickman Powers, Mr. Calligan and Mr. Rada-baugh.

Jackson County was in its infancy, as was also Gallia County. In the year the Welsh settlers came, Jackson county polled only 309 votes. Surveyors were at that time platting and laying out the city of Jackson, and not until the next year was there a person buried in Jackson's oldest cemetery. At the time of the coming of the Welsh settlers Jackson Co. had for her commissioners John Stephenson, Robert G. Hanna and James Weeks. Daniel Hoffman was Auditor; Chas. O'Neil was Treasurer; Nathaniel Andrews was Recorder and Clerk of Courts; Gabriel McNeal was Surveyor; Joseph Armstrong was Sheriff, and Joseph Sill was Prosecuting Attorney.

At that time in the history of Ohio there were many hardships to be undergone by the pioneers, and our people were at a great disadvantage on account of their language and ignorance of American customs. Money was scarce and wages extremely low at trade rate. Farm products were scarcely worth hauling to market, yet they raised oats and hauled them to Gallipolis for 8 cts. a bushel. The men worked out for 16 cts. a day when they were able to get work.

The Indians had left the country, but wolves infested the settlement and gave the settlers much trouble. Their dismal howling in the woods at night was a sure producer of homesickness, and many were the tears that were shed in the humble homes after the shades of evening had fallen and the settlers had time to indulge in thoughts of home and friends.

They were dissatisfied and gladly would have gone back to Wales. But return was impossible.

Meanwhile time rolled swiftly by and events were transpiring which were slowly, though surely, binding them to their new homes. The first child born in the settlement was a son to Evan and Susanna Evans. That

son is David D. Evans, born Nov. 19, 1848, and who now lives at Wellston, Ohio. He is the father of eight children, six of whom are living. Of the party which crossed the ocean in 1818 there are but three living: Evan Evans, of Camba, O.; John Davis, of Easton, Mo., and Mrs. Eleanor Markham, of Waverly, Ohio.

PILGRIMS AT LLANGEITHO.

BY REV. J. R. KILSBY JONES.

Nothing could be a more telling testimony to the personal influence of Rowland, and the value attached to earnest evangelical preaching, than the fact that such crowds should resort on Sacrament Sundays to a place like Llangeitho, which was accessible only by means of the most execrable roads, and where the accommodation for visitors was of the most limited and inferior character.

Let us try to give the reader some faint idea of the scene which might be witnessed at this place about eighty years ago. On the Saturday preceding the Sabbath when the Lord's Supper was administered there was always held at twelve o'clock in the day a preliminary service, called the preparatory meeting, at which Rowland invariably preached, and it was followed by another service in the afternoon, which was conducted by lay preachers, whose gifts it was thus sought to cultivate as a preparation for future evangelistic work. These services were very numerously attended by strangers from a distance, who at night crowded all the farmhouses and cottages within a radius of several miles. But the multitude are to come on the morrow, and they are already on their way. Many of them are on horseback, but many more on foot. Several from Carnarvonshire have crossed Cardi-

gan Bay in boats which they leave at Aberystwyth, whence, at early dawn, they proceed on foot across the hills to Llangeitho—a distance of twenty miles. And should the morning be fine, the whole country is alive with people wending their way to this religious Mecca. Streams of them are seen threading the distant mountain passes, or speckling the hill sides, and as these various parties enter the leafy lanes leading to the village the throng is almost impassable. On the morning of this exciting day Rowland is up very early, as he cannot sleep for nervous anxiety. He is taciturn to sternness, yet restless to feverishness. He is in and out of the house scores of times in the course of an hour. The last place where he is seen before the commencement of the service is on the banks of the silvery Aeron which flows at the bottom of the meadow in front of the house. Here he walks to and fro, with the message of God burning in his heart, and his mind stretched to its utmost tension, with holy solicitude to benefit the crowd, the hum of whose voices and the tramping of whose feet reach him in his retreat on the other side of the river. Every now and then he suddenly stops, directing his eye towards the north, and straining his ear to catch a sound which he expects every moment to hear. At

length from the brow of a hill behind the house, and along which there is a road, there bursts on the glen below, like the voice of many waters, the shout of a multitude as they come in sight of what was to them the sacred place of the Almighty. "Here they come," cries Rowland, "bringing heaven with them." An hour ago that multitude might have been seen encamped on a hill called "The Little Mountain," beside a well, since called the "Pilgrim's Well," where they rested to eat their crust of bread and cheese, and to drink of the water of the well, after which they resume their journey, singing hymns and spiritual songs all the way until they enter the field where the service was to be held. The devotional part of it was conducted by some stranger, so that Rowland might reserve the whole of his strength for the sermon, which, however, was always short, but most exhaustive to him in consequence of the strain on his nervous system. He is perfect master of the congregated thousands who "open their mouths wide" for the words, as the "dry and parched ground for the latter rain." Under no preacher, save Whitefield, were so many tears of genuine repentance shed as under Rowland, and no man's ministry could point out so great a number of "epistles of commendation" to the power of the gospel to save men from all that was evil.

The appearance of the multitude, as they partook of the Lord's supper on the grassy field was like nothing modern, but like enough to the feeding of the multitude of old by Him who had compassion on them, and would not let them go home unfed lest they should faint by the way. And now the vast crowd is dispersed, many of them never to meet again. They leave the field singing some favorite hymn or psalm, and as the tones of the last company die away in the distance,

and the village resumes its ordinary appearance of retirement and quiet, there comes a painful sense of depression over the mind of one who may have pensively lingered in the field, so recently the scene of so much holy excitement, but now silent and solitary.

Only an iron constitution, such as Rowland possessed, could have borne the constant wear and tear of so exciting a life as he led, and the exposure to all kinds of weather in which he took his frequent and distant preaching tours. Many a day did he ride forty and fifty miles wet to the skin, and with nothing to break his fast but a crust of bread and cheese which he had put in his pocket; and after holding an evening service he was thankful if he found a bowl of bread and milk for his supper, and some sort of shelter for himself and his faithful steed. There was much rough pioneering work to be done by the founders of Calvinistic Methodism, which required apostolical toil and self-sacrifice. And now the reader will naturally ask for an explanation of the secret of this man's power over his countrymen. It is not only assumed, but it is *proved* that his ministry was favored with an unusual uninterrupted outflow of divine influence. This fact should have its due weight in any attempt made to find out the "hiding of his strength." The only materials left for forming an estimate of him as a preacher are the written accounts of those who heard him, of which Christmas Evans' description is the best, because the most graphic. He went on purpose to Llangethio to hear him, and was well rewarded. The most substantial proof of his power as king of men was the moral reformation which he was instrumental in producing in the whole of the principality. For remuneration there were only the promissory notes of heaven, to be cash-

ed in the "resurrection of the just." Rowland, thanks to a sound constitution, mountain air, simple food, and abundance of horse exercise, reached the goodly age of 77, and even then "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." He found no time to wax old.

On Friday, October 15th, 1790, he was taken dangerously ill, and on the following day, when he was expected to preach at the usual preparatory meeting, he died during the time of the service which was, in his inability to be present, conducted by a clergyman. While this clergyman was in the act of giving out a stanza of a hymn to be sung, a messenger is seen entering the pulpit hurriedly, and after whispering something in the ear of the officiating minister, as hurriedly leaves it. The minister looked like one stunned by a sudden blow, and in a voice well nigh choked by emotion, announced to the congregation that Mr. Rowland had just been sent for by his Father in heaven. The peo-

ple broke out simultaneously into sobs, tears, and cries, and like Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted. Next to the day of his funeral, it was the gloomiest ever known at Llangeitho, his home, and which his rare gifts had raised out of the obscurity of a country village in the heart of Cardiganshire into a place of pilgrimage for pious people. An aged man in that neighborhood informed the writer of this sketch that he distinctly remembered, though only nine years of age at the time, that on returning from the field where he had been looking after some cattle, he found his father sitting on one side of the fire, and his mother on the other side, with their faces buried in their hands, and sobbing as though their hearts would break, and unable for some time to explain the cause of so unusual a scene. Neither of them was able to eat any food that day for "sorrowing after him whose face they would see no more."

[Concluded.]

MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH AT THE WREXHAM NATIONAL EISTEDDOD, SEPT. 4th, 1888.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE WELSH.

I think it may entertain you if I tell you that on this occasion, in order to ascertain and get some light upon previous ideas about Wales, I would resort to a source which is one on this subject of peculiar interest, viz., the books of Shakespeare. My object was to see what Shakespeare thought about the Welsh. (Hear, hear.) Naturally, in the first place, to compare his ideas of the Welsh with his ideas of the Irish and Scotch. Now, if you take his ideas of the Irish, they are very soon disposed of. (Laughter.) He mentions them very seldom, and when he does mention them it is in a manner far from

agreeable to the Irishmen. With regard to the Scotch, I think he was slightly more respectful. But still you would find it not easy to get a very good character of the Scotch out of the plays of Shakespeare. Now, whatever be the cause, it is of considerable interest, in my opinion, to look to what he has said of the Welsh, and I can venture, for the most part, to quote without fear in this assembly. (Laughter.) I will refer first to the case in which Shakespeare is perhaps least flattering to Wales, and that is the case of what was, after all, an exceedingly respectable man, namely, a clergyman—the priest, Sir Hugh Evans—in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

FALSTAFF'S SALLIES OF WIT.

Sir Hugh Evans comes into conflict with Falstaff, and therefore, of course, becomes the butt of Falstaff, because, just as Cromwell, for example, when he was in the field knocked down everybody that opposed him, so Falstaff, although he was apt to run away from the field of battle, yet, in the field of a contest of wit, he was superior to all mankind. Even Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry V., got the worst of it when he went to loggerheads with Falstaff in a tournament of wit. So it was no wonder if the same fate befel Sir Hugh Evans. Sir Hugh Evans was dressed up in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* as a fairy to pinch Falstaff. That being so, he was the more a fit subject for Falstaff, who called him three things. First of all, he called him a Welsh goat—(laughter)—secondly he called him a piece of toasted cheese—(laughter)—and thirdly, when he professed to be very much exhausted and dejected, he complained of him and said, "I cannot answer to Welsh flannel." I believe all that Shakespeare said in mischief. You have heard the worst of him and it is very bad. But there is a curious thing, as it appears to me, and that was that there was a Welsh parson at Windsor. Since that time they have not taken many Welsh clergymen at Windsor—(laughter)—but they have imported in the last century a great many English clergymen to be bishops and priests in Wales, with what consequences to the welfare of the Church you know too well. And that is a point on which unhappily there can be no difference of opinion.

WALES UNDER THE TUDORS.

It is a curious fact that Shakespeare should have produced a Welsh clergyman at Windsor; and my opin-

ion of it is that the presence of this Welsh clergyman, and also some good words which Shakespeare used about the Welsh, were due to the strong predilection of Queen Elizabeth. Though there may be in the private character of Queen Elizabeth ground for criticism, yet her memory is entitled to the respect of all Englishmen, and more especially of all Welshmen. We owe to her in the main the translation of the Bible. In Wales that has been what it was in England, a national institution—"Hear, hear," and cheers)—a prop and buttress to the language. I believe that not Elizabeth only, but the prior sovereigns of the Tudor race, had a friendly feeling towards Wales—(hear, hear)—and now I am coming to loggerheads with my friend the president. (Laughter.) But don't be afraid. There will be no inconvenient consequence. He said that Henry VIII. passed a law restricting the use of the language. Well, I am a man who likes to be cautious in his operations. (Laughter.) I will not say whether it is so or not. But I will give you what is said by Mr. Lewis in his interesting pamphlet called "The Welshman in English Literature." Mr. Lewis says that there were fifteen penal acts in force against Wales, Welshmen, and the Welsh tongue at the time when the Tudor family came to the throne in the person of Henry VII. But Mr. Lewis declares, and I hope the chairman will not contradict it—(cheers)—Mr. Lewis declares that these Acts were repealed upon a petition of the people of Wales in the reign of Henry the VIII. Therefore, that was a time very favorable to the people of Wales.

OTHER SHAKESPERIAN ALLUSIONS.

Let us see what Shakespeare says about the Welsh in other places. In

the first place he introduced Llewelyn in the play of *Henry V.*, and Llewelyn proves himself to be not only a gallant soldier, but a wise captain. Shakespeare has remarked in his favor this line:—

“There is much care and valor in this Welshman.”

If you can get care and valor united in a soldier, you have the main part of a good basis upon which to build a solid character. That is not all. I have told you how he speaks in his works with regard to other inhabitants of these islands. He speaks of the “trusty” Welshman; and the Duke of Buckingham when in the field is spoken of as “backed with the hardy Welshman.” (Hear.) Well, now, Shakespeare then calls the Welsh trusty, loving, and hardy. What else do you desire? (Great laughter, cheers, and a voice, “Nothing.”) There is nothing more. Describe a nation as being trusty, as being affectionate, and as being brave and enduring, and I say you have left very little indeed you can add to its character. Those, I think, were very important times, and Shakespeare was a great man, and you can have no more distinguished and illustrious title to fall back upon by citing what he has thought and what he has said of the Welsh. (Cheers.)

RELIGION IN WALES.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, one word more. I am not going to detain you much longer. (Cries of “Go on.”) I don’t know whether many of you have read a pamphlet written by a very distinguished Welshman, now a professor at Oxford, Mr. Rhys, in which he developed a most curious series of events with respect to the Welsh language. In fact, he says, that about 300 or 400 years ago the Welsh language was in great danger of becoming extinct. It wanted some

central prop and stay. It was not found at that time in the institution of the Church. The mass of the people believe that the Welsh have been a very religious people for about 120 or 150 years; but there are a great many who are in the habit of saying that before that time the Welsh were a very godless people. (Laughter.) This is a place, I hope, of freedom of opinion—(hear, hear)—and will you allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to say I don’t believe a word of it? (Hear, hear.) I believe that they were a religious people from the time that they have been a people, from the time when they harbored the old Christian religion in the fourth and fifth and sixth centuries, at a time when it was driven out of the great bulk of English counties. But I am aware that within the last 100 or 150 years they have had extraordinary calls made upon their devoted zeal, and that they have met these calls in a manner and to a degree out of means comparatively slender, which undoubtedly make the period illustrious in the religious history of the country.

VITALITY OF THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

But I come to Mr. Rhys. There was no support to the Welsh tongue from the services of the Church. There were many monasteries in the country, but the monasteries were centres of English influence, and around them grew English-speaking populations. As to the castles in the country, every one of which was held by an English garrison, around those castles gathered villages and towns of which we have the remains at Harwarden and in plenty of other places. But in those castles English was the language spoken, and English influence diffused itself from every one of those centres. The consequence was that a tremendous pressure from a

great number of centres was brought to bear on the Welsh race and tongue, and that, the native language of the country, the Welsh were in great danger of losing. Mr. Rhys supports his doctrine—I am speaking from memory, and no doubt somewhat imperfectly, but I think it of great interest—he supports his doctrine by showing that for a certain time after the invention of printing there was no room for the Welsh language to get fair play. And then what happened? The services of the Church, formerly in a foreign tongue, came to be in Welsh, and the translation of the Bible into Welsh formed the mainstay and central prop for the Welsh language all through the country. This may be an historical speculation in some degree, but I have always thought it an extremely curious question deserving of all investigation and reply.

WHY WALES IS NONCONFORMIST.

How is it that the Welsh, who are now in name a nation of Nonconformists, in the middle of the 17th century were the stoutest Churchmen in the country? There is no doubt about the fact that Wales was the stronghold of the Church and Royalist party. I believe that the solution has yet to be found in the circumstances I have mentioned, viz., that in the 16th century it was through the arrangements of the Church that the Welsh people got the support and stay of their language. From that time forward it became certain that if they were attached to it, then it would remain as long as they chose to give it support. What happened? Was it not the intrusion of the English into the country, and of the English language into the churches, irrespective of the capacity of the people to understand it, and the intrusion of English clergymen, English

bishops not in sympathy with the people—was not that a main cause of producing the estrangement which left the Welsh people in a state of religious destitution from which they have made such wonderful, such heroic, and such effectual efforts to detach themselves? Now, if that be so, it enables me to wind up in a moment.

CROWNING TESTIMONY TO THE EISTEDDFOD.

I have endeavored to show you what the Welsh language required. I presume that all of you here present are here for the purpose of commemorating its literature and its arts, and that you wish to maintain the wide usage of it which we find at present in almost every part of Wales. If so, see what has happened in former times? See how the language gave way 300 or 400 years ago (if Professor Rhys is right) for want of institutions to sustain it, the Welsh language rallied, and became more than ever deeply rooted in the minds and affections of the people. And there I say, gentlemen, I have a crowning testimony in favor of the eisteddfod, because it is here that you meet for the purpose of giving it a recognized, an impartial, a universal means and countenance and support. It is here that you rally the whole Welsh nation for the purpose. Long, I hope, gentlemen, after I have gone—I will say more, and add that long after the youngest and heartiest among us has departed to his account—may these meetings flourish, and may the attachment of the Welsh people to their institution and tongue always have fair play, and result in its being maintained not only for the gratification of their tastes, but, as I believe, for the elevation of their characters, and for the promotion of the best and the brightest welfare of

the country. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, I have detained you a long time, but I trust, I am sure, you will not be insensible to the fact that I have looked seriously at the questions and the purpose for which this institution exists. What I have spoken to you I have spoken in conformity with all the sentiments of my heart, and with the best conclusions at which my judgement could arrive—prosperity to Wales and prosperity to the eisteddfod as a great means of promoting the welfare of Wales. (Loud cheers.)

[Concluded.]

A TWO HOURS' VISIT TO ABERDARON, N. WALES.

BY G. W. GRIFFITH, NEW YORK.

On the 5th of August, 1887, towards the close of our two years' ramble through Europe, from the North Cape, where, for a season, there is perpetual daylight, to nigh the heel of the great Boot (Italy) that projects itself into the Mediterranean, I found myself with all my family in the widely renowned village of Aberdaron! with a sky above, serene and blue, as the dream of a Welsh bard.

For some three years prior to my emigration to America in 1823, my father had lived here, keeping a country store or shop; and here social and intellectual life first dawned upon me. I had never revisited the old, old place since our departure; but when our carriage stopped before my father's old shop and house, now ambitiously called by its present occupant a hotel, the whole long cherished picture came to me, and was at once realized. There, unmistakably, was the old main stone house; adjacent to it the stone stable, where the ponies were kept; and adjacent to that, the henery, where my older brother and I housed our pigeons, chickens and

rabbits. It was an exciting moment; I had not dreamed that my sensibilities could have been aroused to such a degree. Inanimate objects had preserved their identity for over 60 years with remarkable fidelity and accuracy. But there was a tinge of deep sadness also present. There was not a voice to welcome my return, not an eye to quicken in token of recognition. "Men had come and men had gone," but Scott's searching interrogatory,

"Breathes there a man whose soul's so
dead,

Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own—my native land,'"

found that moment a sympathetic echo in my heated breast.

With my son I went inside of the hotel, "for the sake of the house," and soon got into conversation with the landlady, who, singularly, is a namesake, a Mrs. Griffith. She was remarkably active, almost ubiquitous around, attending to the many wants of the several guests. I enquired if she remembered the persons who, many years ago, kept the tavern on the other side of the street, naming them. She brightened up and briskly replied, "Yes, very well. I was a maid in the Tavern when your father left for America." "Well, but," said I, astonished at her knowledge of me, "Mrs. Griffith, how old are you?" "O," she returned, with the vitality and readiness of many a one of 40 years, "I'm only 85." Was such a result of a life of 85 years to be attributed to abstinence from all luxuries?

From the hotel I directed my steps to the old church, once so familiar to my infant feet. Here I used to be sent to school, less for instruction, I fancy, than to keep me from the beach, then always a fascination to me, but from which I always returned after wading into the waves, with wet shoes and

stockings, and not unfrequently even wet breeches; for all which I had to undergo daily rebukes, and sometimes more tangible corrections. But what reminiscences innumerable crowded upon me as I entered that old portal! I seemed to see the assembled village children—many, doubtless, of my own age—scattered hilariously over its ragged and gloomily lighted floor. But with the exception of one, I could not summon up distinctly the well-defined face of another. That one's delicate features and gentle bearing, with those of the spruce and handsome schoolmaster, afterwards the popular and Rev. John Williams, were then, and still are vivid in my memory. He taught this school, or was supposed to do so, while teaching theology to himself. He was an amiable, friendly, excitable, zealous and very energetic young man, and exercised his talents for speaking with much acceptance at the Uwchmynydd chapel. He was noted for a certain power, freedom, and abandon in prayer that made him then quite popular. This abandon, or loss of self-consciousness, had been to me a marked feature of his prayers in opening and closing his school. When thoroughly warmed up, he would spasmodically and vehemently spit as he uttered words.

Well do I remember being one Sunday at the chapel, and whether it was a prayer meeting and no preaching, I have forgotten; but Mr. Williams was called upon for a prayer. He was seated with the blaenoriaid

came, was highly amused with the actions of those close to him—they all carefully withdrew from his immediate presence, anxious to save their best clothes from such "droppings of the sanctuary." But he, good man, was utterly unconscious, and thoroughly honest and earnest in his solemn work. A conviction of this, no doubt, saved my reputation from an explosion of unseasonable mirth at a scene, however comical, was also full of reverence and solemnity.

The other one, to whom I have alluded, was a little damsel of but about four years, but was noted as having a sweet musical voice, and the master would not unfrequently call upon her, whether in the middle or close of the school hours, as his humor prompted, to sing a hymn, which invariably was

"Mae, mae, yr amser hyfryd yn nesau," &c.

I wonder what has become of frail, sweet mannered Amelia? Is she still living, a favorite of society, or sleeps she in peace in the bosom of her Maker? These two were my close, though invisible companions while inside the old, old church.

As I was not in Aberdaron on a Sunday, I failed to meet the incumbent of the church. In the old time, when the first bells rang out for the Sunday morning service, I was first on hand at the porch to welcome the parson, of whom I became very fond, embracing his legs with great affection whenever we met; but the moment he put on his white robe I and

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BY JOHN MILTON.

No war or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around:
 The idle spear and shield were high up
 hung;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed
 throng;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sov'reign
 Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth
 began;

beside the massive iron ring embedded in the great rock for the purpose of tying thereto the cables of the various sloops and schooners, to prevent them from sliding out with the ~~swarmed~~ wave.

Such music, as 'tis said
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning
sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well balance'd world on hinges
hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy
channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ
blow;
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic sym-
phony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age
of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die;
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
peering day.

THE STORY OF MR. FEARING.

A STUDY FROM BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S
PROGRESS."

BY THE LATE REV. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

One of the most delicate and dramatic of all the portraits drawn by the great dreamer in the "Pilgrim's Progress," is that, in the second part, of Mr. Fearing; by which very useful picture I suppose Bunyan intended to sketch a very common character, an intense conscience in a narrow mind, and a very feeble frame. It is curiously said he was born in the town of Stupidity. The population of that town, according to any

such a copy in his own handwriting, to any printed copy, however much gilt edged. And so we parted on the Queen's highway; I, glad to have met the son of the gifted poet.

the Psalmist as "naked unto the beasts that perish." Looking back to his experience in that town, it was another Psalmist who said: "So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast (that is, as a thoughtless creature) before Thee." Some have little sense beyond that of merest nature. It is said "they have cast off all fear, and restrained prayer before God,"—that is, they have no spiritual relationship with invisible things; all things are estimated by a low standard; there is little light and little heat. This country lies further north than the City of Destruction, not that it is less the city or country of danger, but its dangers differ; the City of Destruction is in danger from fire, the country of Stupidity from ice; one is in danger from sensation and passion, the other from inertness and dullness. Yet there have been noble pilgrims who have left that region, though carrying with them much of their native fear, and cold, and even sluggishness.

That was the country in which Mr. Fearing was born, concerning whom one of his fellow townsmen and fellow pilgrims, old Honest, says: "He was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that I ever met with in all my days;" and of whom the great Captain Greatheart says: "He was always kept very low, and that made his life so burdensome to himself and so troublesome to others."

Now in the religious life this must be a very real character, for the Bible addresses itself to human fears more than any other book. It is implied all along that man is a child of many fears, and that everything in the world is calculated to excite them. Fear holds a stern dominion over the mind, over the conscience, over the

affections, and it is implied that if all be well with these, *all* will be well; hence from first to last, words roll forth to allay fear. Thus, in Genesis xv. 1: "Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." In Exodus xiv. 13: "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." In Lamentations iii. 57: "Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not." And Christ said: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Thus to gird up the loins of the mind, this is the burden of the book; it is a remonstrance with human fears. It was the boast of Obadiah: "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." It was the glory of Nehemiah: "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

We are not, I know, so much the subjects of religious fears as in Bunyan's day. The strife of life—the conflict of the fittest—eats up our soul, creates new diseases, furnishes our hospitals—our lunatic asylums, creates heart diseases, lung disease, brain disease. Yet man has a conscience still, and relations to God.

Now there are six stages in the history of Mr. Fearing.

First: He fears for the impossibility of rising out of Nature into Grace; is there a kingdom of Grace at all? Is it not all a kingdom of Nature? Thus we read of him, that "he lay roaring by the Slough of Despond for months together, nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture." He was dejected at every difficulty that came in his way, and stumbled at every straw. After he had been in the Slough of Despond a great while, one sunshiny morning he ventured, and so got over; "but," says Bunyan, "he could scarce believe it: he has a Slough of Despond in his mind—a slough that he

carried everywhere about with him." But what can we say of this Slough of Despond but that it is a thick swamp of doubts, and especially of fears? There are those who are free from doubts in the intellectual sense, who are still the victims of fears. "Fears are in the way;" they feel nothing strong within them, so it seems there is nothing strong above them: they have not learned the power of Divine grace; yet, at this point, this and this only is the strength of Mr. Fearing. Think of a swift, quick conscience making itself felt in nervous fears for the future of this life even: then asking "How shall I do in the swelling of Jordan?"—with fears especially for eternity, and what is to be the end. So it sometimes seems as if we are delivered from fear to fear, as if life is made up of fears. Thus we live on from day to day, but we know not when the stroke falls which shatters happiness and hope; it seems as if the ground were strewn with snakes; we know not whence the arrow flies. So the word is perpetually addressed to us, "Fear not!" And at the most, life is but a moment, and yonder, all is well.

And what more is that, "Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees." I once heard a conversation going on between the various members of the body, as to which of them bore the greater share of the burdens of life. The back complained that it bore all the burden. The shoulders said: "Nay, but we bear and equalize the burden." The hands said they lifted it. "Ah, but," said the knees, "you never think of us, and yet, if we gave way, all would give way; and how weary we become!" Life is full of fears when the knees are weak, when "the strong men (by which no doubt the knees are intended) bow themselves:" but "strengthen the feeble knees," and all goes on

well then. As we read in Phillipians iv. 6-7: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace that we may obtain!

And now we find the second thing to observe in this same Mr. Fearing,—he shrank from the personal obligations of a religious life. Like Joseph of Arimathea, he is "a disciple of Jesus—but secretly." Shaking and shivering, he feared to take the hammer in hand, and to knock for admission at the gate. He went in trembling, and when he was in, he was ashamed to show his face; but it is well said his weakness arose not from weakness of spirit, as to the practical part of the pilgrim's life; he feared the inward, not the outward. He had a kind conscience, and a kind, perhaps a narrow mind; but, as the proverb has it, "he could have bit a firebrand had it stood in his way." The things by which he was oppressed no man could throw off with ease. When he came to the hill Difficulty, he did not much stick at that, nor did he much fear the lions; his fear was, in the old language of that time, as to "his acceptance with God;" "his acceptance at last." So, in the Valley of Humiliation, says Greatheart, "he went down as well as any man I ever saw in my life, for he cared not how mean he was, so he might be happy at last." "There seemed a sympathy between himself and the valley. He would lie down and embrace the ground, and kiss the very flowers; and was up every morning at break of day, walking to and fro in the Valley." A beautiful spirit to meet in the king's highway; one

of whom the Pilgrim's master might say,

Thou, the more fully thou humbles thee
here,
All the more perfectly shalt be my peer:
This is the royal road leading above
Which mine elect tread to the kingdom of
love!

The third great characteristic of this Fearing is, or was, his inability personally to appropriate the spirit of grace, and all the merits of his Master and Saviour. Thus he quenched within himself the comforts of the Spirit. Thus we read of his "lying in the dark and cold outside the interpreter's house, and the nights," says his biographer, "were long and dark and cold then." And, indeed, Nature is one long, dark, cold night, until we not only find Christ, but, by the help of the Comforter, make all His work ours. It is something like this which Cowper describes:

How blest Thy creature is, O Lord,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of Thy word,
The Day-spring from on high!

That glorious orb, whose golden beams
The future years control,
Since first, obedient to Thy word,
He started from his goal,

Has cheered the nations with the beams.
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis Thy light alone
Can shine 'upon the heart.

There is no comfort so great as making the merits of Christ ours. We remember Luther's great words—"Last night when I awoke the Devil came and began disputing with me, and cast up at me that I was a sinner. I said, Tell me something new, Devil; I have committed actual sins, but the sins God forgives, for His dear Son's sake, are not sham sins but actual sins!"

A fourth feature of Fearing's character was that he found it easier to see himself in the sins, and infirmities, and frailties of others than in

their virtues and graces: "When we were come to the place—the gibbet where three fellows were hanged—he said he doubted that would be his end also."

When any turn from Zion's way—
Alas! what numbers do—
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake Me too?"

Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine.
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I fear I must—I shall decline,
And prove like them at last!

This timidity has its unhealthy as well as its healthy side. "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God!" said the great martyr, when he saw a felon led to execution. But this should not make us unjust to the grace of God, or willing to grieve the Spirit by which we are "sealed unto the day of redemption."

Fearing starts at shadows because he does not front the shadows with substances. "When," says Great-heart, "he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man; not that he had any inclination to go back, but he was ready to die for fear." But this was because his fears had taught him the dreadful reality of spiritual evil. Many of these fearful ones fear because they live in the constant clearer vision of the spiritual world. Some things so shake them because they are "not ignorant of Satan's devices;" nay, do they not "know the depths of Satan"? Therefore they tremble; their conscience is tender, and it is "conscience that makes cowards of us all." I have said that Fearing fears not the outward, but the inward. Yes, we have a haunted mind, like his who said—

Is this a dagger which I see before me?
Let me clutch the:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind? A false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed
brain?

So it is with all of us; we want something to lift us above ourselves; so long as we are perpetually turning to ourselves we are miserable. We dwell in a haunted house. We are a kind of walking thermometer; when the weather is warm we ascend, when it is cold we go down, a sensitive thermometer, never in one stay; like the thermometer, we seem upright enough, but we feel every variety of the weather. Nothing is well with us until we rest in Him who is without "a shadow of turning." Firm health, and all things agreeable to the feelings, then the quicksilver is up; troubles come, and it is down; therefore let us never fetch our happiness, however we may our comfort, from our own frame, not from a changeful creature, but from the changeless God. In reference to the trials of life, the apostle says to the Hebrews (xii. 5), "Ye have forgotten" the exhortation, encouragement, consolation.

And the last feature of this portrait is that it was consistent with his whole character that Mr. Fearing should be in bondage to the fear of death; one of whom the apostle speaks as "all their lifetime subject to bondage." When he was come to the river, where there was no bridge, he was in a heavy case; now, he said, he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort which he had come so many miles to behold; and so he seemed likely to fulfil the fears of his life, for he could never leave to-morrow's doubts until to-morrow. Most of the people in the Country of Stupidity have no thought for the fear of death; they die "as a fool dieth;" but a Christian cannot die so—cannot die like a

brute. "But," says Greatheart, "here also I took notice of what was very remarkable, the water of the river was lower at this time than I ever saw it in all my life; so Mr. Fearing went over at last not much above wet-shod." When he was going over, Greatheart said to him, as he took his leave, he hoped he would have a good reception above; and he answered, "I shall. I shall;" then the waters parted them asunder, and he was seen no more. And so Fearing got safe home: of him, and the like of him, it is written, "Come, see the works of the Lord; He turned the sea into dry land for them; they went through the flood on foot. There did we rejoice in Him!" I think that will be the triumph of many a fearing one, "through the flood on foot."

There are those who taste God's grace chiefly thus, like Mr. Despondency, and Mrs. Much-afraid, his daughter, of whom I should like to give some further account; they belong to the same family as Mr. Fearing. Despondency exclaimed as he stepped into the river, "Farewell night, welcome day!" and his daughter, Much-afraid, went through the river singing, though none could well understand what she said then, "through the flood on foot!"

Such was Bunyan's Fearing, and for him there were provisions made all along. He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and "stays the north wind in the time of His east wind," made Divine provisions for him all the way. He was given a sunshiny morning to escape from the Slough of Despond; neither he nor any knew how, but a hand was sent to pull him through the gate. For him there were special regalements at the interpreter's house. The fiends were hushed for him in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And we have seen that when he came to the river's

brink the waves were at low water-mark. Therefore let us bless Him who rules the tides for human souls; bless Him who meets the fears of human souls. Blessings on the faith which lifts us above our fears. Blessings on the Author and Finisher of our Faith, who calms our fears. Blessings on the Book which is our staff as we pass through the flood on foot, though neither on the Horses of Intelligence, nor in the Chariots of Comfort—on foot—obtaining joy and gladness where all fears shall fly away!

A HINT TO MINISTERS.

This, from an American paper, has a moral:—A Boston physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone. "Hollo! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed. "Baby is crying, doctor; what shall I do? came across the wire. "Oh, perhaps it's a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients. "No," was the reply, "I am sure it can't be that." "Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well stimulated solicitude. "No, I don't think so," replied the anxious mother; "he doesn't act that way." "Then perhaps he's hungry," as a last resort. "Oh, I'll see," came across the wire; and then all was still. The doctor went back to bed, and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterward, he was awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone bell. Jumping out of bed, and placing the receiver to his ear, he was cheered by the following message: "You are right, doctor; baby was hungry."

The incident was natural enough, and has a wider application. Pastors sometimes "call up" the editor to inform him that there's trouble in their

churches, and they don't know what to do. The brethren are cross, fault-finding, making things disagreeable—the pastor can't tell what's the matter with them: thinks they are dissatisfied with him—guesses he will have to resign.

Now, although we do not set up for a church doctor, we are inclined to suggest that perhaps "the child is hungry." We should rather wonder if he is not, from what we know of some ministers. They do not appear to live in a land which floweth with milk and honey themselves, but they reside down in Dry Bones Place, near the German Bakery.

Nothing puts a church in such good humor as to feed it well; nothing so quiets a quarrelsome spirit, and silences carping criticism of the preacher, as for him to put the riches and fullness and variety of the gospel into his sermons and prayer meeting talks. Preach better, brethren, perhaps they are hungry cross. Even dogs that are given to barking grow quiet when they are fed. A hungry man is an angry man. Bring out the big loaf, and it will prove a great peace-maker. —*Spurg'on.*

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CAMBRO-AMERICAN SO- CIETY, CINCINNATI.

The centennial year of the settlement of Cincinnati being celebrated in 1888, a few of the leading Welshmen of this city thought it would be an auspicious time to consider the advisability of forming a Welsh National Society. Accordingly in the fall of last year a meeting was held at the Ortiz Hall, in which it was decided that a Society should be formed having for its object the "Promotion of Welsh Literature," providing means of social intercourse and entertainments for the Welsh people of

Cincinnati, and also relief for the needy and those arriving in the city in distress. Also to hold an annual Eisteddfod.

At the first meeting of the Society it was decided to call it "The Cambro American Society." We then numbered about 25 members, and the following officers were elected: Mr. W. H. Jones, a prominent lawyer of this city, was elected President: Henry Price, James Hughes, David Davies, Attorney, David Davies, Professor of Music, were elected Vice-Presidents; Ed. Edwards, C. H. Williams as Recording and Financial Secretaries respectively; and Robert Rogers, Treasurer. We had a grand banquet for the purpose of inaugurating the Society. The following prominent Welshmen delivered addresses: W. H. Jones, David Davies, attorneys-at-law, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, D. D., Rev. J. N. Roberts, Rev. D. I. Jones, and James Hughes. There were about 500 people present, the greatest enthusiasm prevailing and it is safe to say that it was a red letter day in the history of the Welsh people of Cincinnati. The Society has secured very pleasant quarters for holding its meetings. Several papers of interest have been read before the Society, among them being an excellent paper by Wm. Symon on the "Outlook in Wales," dealing principally with the Tithe question. A very interesting debate followed, which was kept up for several evenings, the principal speakers being: W. Symon, E. R. Edwards, W. H. Jones, James Hughes, and Ebenezer Bowen.

The Society meets on the first and third Saturdays in each month. The membership fee is only one dollar per quarter, and the advantages include the use of the hall any Saturday evening for the purposes of literary and musical exercises, or meeting of members for friendly converse.

The Society proposes to hold its first annual Eisteddfod on Christmas day, when we hope to have a large gathering, a competitive meeting in the afternoon, and concert in the evening.

I will now close with the earnest request that all patriotic Welshmen, and the descendants of Welshmen, will come forward and help on the work so that we may be able to extend our labors into wider fields of national and philanthropic enterprise.

WYDDEBEG.

THE first great thing in religion is to receive Christ; the second is to live upon Him; and the third is to be forever with Him.

For the Young People.

ARCTIC FLOWERS.

Lieutenant Schwatka tells us in "Woman" that there are 762 kinds of flowers in the Arctic regions, while within the Antarctic Circle not a flowering plant has yet been found. About one-half of the 337 flowering plants on Alpine Heights—that is, between 8,000 and 13,000 feet above the sea—originated in the Arctic regions, and came from Scandinavia with the ice of the glacial period. They were "stranded on the Alps when the ice receded, as a floating object is left by the ebbing tide."

The polar flowers seldom have any perfume, and the few that exhibit the delightful quality, however feeble, are from the class that have crept over the cold border marked by the Arctic Circle; none of the fifty Eskimo flowers have any appreciable odor.

"The color of these boreal blossoms are generally of the cold tints, as if in harmony with the chilly surroundings, instead of the warm hues that would break in upon the desolation with double effect by sheer contrast where so few cheering sights are to be seen. White and yellow predominate, and these colors seem associated with frosts and cold weather, for it appears that those flowers we call 'everlastings,' and which are the longest to defy the nippings of the coming winter weather, are mostly tinted like the Northern snows and yellow Northern lights.

"Nearly all the plants of the cold countries are of the biennial or perennial sorts, as the season is too short to give annuals the whole length of time they demand for the maturing of their fruit to insure the next season's growth. These perennials act like our hardy spring flora, by rapid-

ly pushing their growth before the snow is all off the ground, and with the very first cessation of the vernal cold. I have seen flowers in bloom so close to the snow, on King Williams Land, that I think the foot could be put down and leave an impression on the edge of the snow and crush the flower at the same step; while Middendorf, a Siberian traveler of note, says that he has seen a rhododendron in that country in full flower when the roots and stem of the plant were completely incased in soil frozen as solid as a stone.

"In that boreal zone, and in the snow-swept mountains, we find another kind that actually love to burrow and spread their species in and on the bare snow and ice itself. Naturalists have succeeded in separating forty-two species of purely snow and ice plants from the many that have been submitted for examination. All these require the microscope to determine what they are in the kingdom of nature, and nearly all of them depart from the rule of pale hyperborean hues, and give us rich crimson, or some of the tints of red, which would look cheerful enough in this desolate region, were it not for the fact that the great red splotches on the snow resemble blood."

A lecturer on Lapland and the Lapps, told us last winter that the beauty of the Lapland flowers is marvellous. Acres on acres of the richest bloom are spread out before the eye. Some expanses are blue with violets, some purple with a flower whose name we cannot recall, and the richest golden bloom covers other large areas. In the long summer's day, when, during July and August, the sun is never below the horizon, but

"richochets" from hill-top to hill-top, from the east point round to the same point again, every twenty-four hours, vegetation makes wonderful strides; "barley stalks have been known to grow two-and-a-half inches during this interval," and in one place in Norway, on a certain farm, three crops were grown in one season. It is not unusual in Norwegian valleys to secure two crops in one season. So the "rapidity of polar growth under a never setting sun," gives some of our Arctic brethren abundant bloom and cereal growth.—*Christian Advocate*.

HOW JOHN CALVIN WAS PRESSED INTO THE WORK OF THE REFORMATION.

As a very young man, Calvin came first to Geneva when the city was deeply agitated by the Reformation movement. He had no intention of remaining long there, and would rather have lost his life than have assumed the duties of public teacher in such a stormy position. Indeed, he was only there in passing, intending to proceed on his journey the following morning. But at night, as he sat solitary in his room in the inn, Farel, the evangelical preacher in Geneva, came suddenly in to him.

Farel, who was a true Elijah in spirit and in power, sought in a friendly way to persuade the man from Noyon to stay in Geneva, and co-operate with him in the work of the Reformation.

But Calvin resisted more than Moses of old.

"I am too young; I am too weak; I am too inexperienced; I am too shy; I must first devote myself to study."

Such were his excuses. Then Farel raised his hand, and shouted with a voice of thunder, "I declare to thee,

in the name of the living God, that if thou refusest thine aid to the church in its great need, God will curse thee and thy studies."

And Calvin? The man who had perhaps a more iron will, and a nobler spirit of independence, than any of his successors, this Calvin says, "Seized with indescribable fear, I abstained from all contradiction at once."

We know how Calvin, from this time forth, almost uninterruptedly lived, suffered, and labored in Geneva till his death; and we know now that Farel's voice was the voice of God for him.—*From "Self Will and God's Will."*

GRUMBLERS.

A working man dedicates this to no one in particular, but to all whom it may concern.

Grumblers have a mission in life, but it is a very humble one. If they are not the salt of the earth, they are the pepper; if not roses, at least they are nettles.

Like all the insect tribe, they are very numerous. If we could summon them all together what an army they would make! Their number would exceed even the frogs, lice and flies of Egypt. And, like these, they are to be found in all classes of society: in the city and in the village, in the palace and in the cottage, among the rich and the poor, among the old and the young.

Grumblers are usually very lazy. Having no disposition to work themselves, they have plenty of time to find fault with other people. They are too talented for the humbler spheres of service: the Sunday-school, back-street missions, and district visitation are far beneath them. They are always in opposition, but never in power. Like the monkey, nature

seems to have given them a double dose of destructiveness. According to them, cabinets and councils, diaconates and committees, are all composed of either fools or idiots. If for one month they had the reins of power, what wonders wouldn't they perform! Meanwhile, however, they can neither rule their own temper nor govern their own household.

Grumblers are also very precise—at least, in reference to other people. The mote in another's eye gives them more pain than the beam in their own. They are not unlike Sterne, who, whilst treating his own mother with cruelty, was upbraiding others for not weeping over a dead ass.

They seldom suffer from forgetfulness—except it be at quarter-day. They have a book of remembrance for all their enemies, and a psalm of complaint for all their friends. If, for a moment, repining should give place to rejoicing, yet, like a barrel-organ, they take up the old tune exactly where they left off.

They are generally victorious in their contests, and are as proud as the little dog that wags its tail because it has driven the moon behind the cloud.

They are very independent, too. "They care nothing for nobody." "They like the thing that is right, although they would do no harm to their bitterest enemy." They are staunch believers in the doctrine of infallibility, provided they themselves are the Pope.

Grumblers are never in danger of a famine of complaints. They can gather material for their murmurings from all parts of the universe. The earth and the sky, angels and men, sun, moon, and stars, fire and hail, snow and vapors, mountains and hills, trees and plants, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, kings

of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the earth, both young men and maidens, old men and children—all contribute to satisfy their voracious appetites. Like amphibious animals, they can live in all societies, and like ignoble insects, can feed on the fragrant rose as well as on the deadly nightshade. The virtues of a Paul and the vices of a Nero are, to them, much the same.

Thank God, they have but little power to stop the progress of his kingdom. During the night, vegetation grows even whilst dogs howl, and in the daytime the sun pursues his course even when donkeys bray.

"God's kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice."

Henceforth, this shall be my prayer:—"O Lord, use me as thou wilt—make me a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, let me loose the latchet of thy shoe, or minister to thy meanest disciple; but save, oh save me from the spirit that actuates every grumbler."

Editorial Notes and Comments.

Owing to the large amount of space occupied in *THE CAMBRIAN* for this month, by the Title-page, Preface and General Index, we have been compelled to leave out "Literary Notes," "Personal Items," "Notes on Current Events," and notices of marriages and deaths. We regret that this is unavoidable, but hope our contributors and readers will, under the circumstances, excuse the deficiency.

GIVE advice to all, but be security for none.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

We wish to call the attention of the teachers and scholars in our Welsh Presbyterian Sabbath-schools, more especially those of them who prefer the English language, to the Sabbath-school Helps, and Papers, and Books issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, whose advertisements appear monthly in *THE CAMBRIAN*. The helps are well prepared and contain a large fund of Biblical information and explanatory notes of the lessons, with suggestive hints to teachers and scholars, which tend to promote a practical and reverential study of the word of God. The Sabbath-school papers also, in their variety suited to different tastes and classes of readers, in their healthy moral and religious tone, in their excellent illustrations, in their fresh and interesting reading matter, as well as in their low price and cheapness, may be sincerely recommended to all our Sabbath-schools. The character of the Board of Publication itself is a sufficient guarantee of the quality of its other publications. We are glad to say that we can heartily and safely commend them to our young people throughout the country.

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